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CHARLES H. KELLY

CASTLE ST., CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

THE STORY  
OF  
RICHARD MARTIN

BY  
JOSEPH DAWSON

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## P R E F A C E

**T**HIS work consists of three Parts : a Biographical Sketch, an Autobiographical Fragment, and sundry Letters and Papers. The first part explains how the second came into being, and endeavours to delineate the character of its author ; the second explains and justifies itself ; the third lights up and supplements the first from various sources.

The book will, I trust, endear yet more the name of Richard Martin to those by whom in life he was loved and revered, while introducing and commending it to many to whom he was personally unknown. It will not surprise me to learn that occasionally the old man's memory has strayed into inaccuracy of detail ; for who, across so wide a stretch of years, can ensure inerrancy of recollection ? Such lapses, if pointed out, will receive



attention in any future edition that may be called for.

Grateful acknowledgement is due and is hereby tendered to all who have assisted in making the work what it is.

Go, little book, and win for my sainted friend in many hearts the seat of love he was so deft at carving for himself in life.

J. D.

BOGNOR,  
*August, 1906.*

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PART I

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### TO MY FRIEND

Upon thy grave I strew these flowers,  
    Frail blooms and broken sprays,  
In memory of the fruitful hours  
    We shared on friendship's ways.  
Our wounded hearts would count it ill  
    Were thy bright ways forgot ;  
But here their charm will haunt us still  
    When thou, thyself, art not.

J. D.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

MY acquaintance with the Rev. Richard Martin began at York in the year 1865. I had been accepted as a candidate for the ministry at the May District Synod, held in that city, and at the ensuing Conference returned to act as supply for two Sundays for the Rev. Thomas Kent, then Superintendent of the York circuit.

I remained about a fortnight with some dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moon, long since dead, and during my stay happened to attend the week-evening service at Wesley Chapel. Mr. Martin was the preacher, and after the service he invited me to his home, took me into his study, and heartened me in the work to which I had given myself with words of counsel and good cheer. At the Synod he had been one of the three appointed to hear my trial sermon, and therefore we had some

slight knowledge of each other; but the kindly interest manifested in my welfare was beyond anything that our brief acquaintance might have led me to anticipate. It was, however, thoroughly characteristic of a nature which delighted in the smaller offices of kindness as well as in its larger outflows.

Nearly forty years elapsed before I saw him again, nor in the interval had there been any communication between us. Our next meeting was at Ashted, in Surrey, about two years ago, when he drove from Sutton one afternoon to call upon me, and we had a long conversation about bygone days. He was changed in appearance, as doubtless was also the stripling he had encouraged so many years before. His hair had whitened, his step was less elastic, his shoulders were slightly bowed; but age had stolen none of the freshness from his mind nor the benignity from his spirit. He had not really grown old; he never did. In this he cheated the pilfering hand of Time. There was the same kindly greeting, the same gracious bearing, the same eagerness to grasp one's hand in brotherly fellowship. Such natures do not

change, save to gather, like the bee, more honied sweetness from the passing hours.

The acquaintance thus renewed grew closer as the weeks went by. I visited him several times at Lower Cheam House, where he resided with his son, and a certain mental and moral kinship drew us nearer together.

One Sunday I preached at Sutton at the church he attended, and naturally spent the day with my friend. During the afternoon, as he, his son, Mr. Charles Prest and myself sat together, he treated us to such interesting episodes from his past history in the Halifax and Penrith circuits, that the hours passed unheeded by, and we were all surprised when tea was announced. Both Mr. Prest and myself urged the desirability of giving permanent record to such experiences, but to this it was difficult to win his consent. He delighted to talk of the bygone, and his power to recall past incidents was really marvellous, but to sit down and put these incidents into writing would be a toil from which he not unnaturally shrank, and indeed to which his physical strength was not equal. There was a diffidence also, and a depreciation



of his own power to interest, not easy to overcome. A great point was gained, however, for before leaving that day, I had arranged to attend once a week, and take down what his health at the moment might allow him to dictate.

These Wednesday morning sittings were continued for some weeks, and became to both of us seasons of great enjoyment. Planted comfortably in his chair, my friend would let his mind roam pleasantly over the fields of other days, and as he talked, I would put down in a shorthand of my own the words that fell from his lips. What I indited was written out in full on my return home, and subjected to revision at our next meeting. There was a clear understanding between us that what the narrator was responsible for was simply the facts and details ; but that the language in which they might be clothed was to be left to my own judgement. In this respect my endeavour has been to give clearness and effect to the narrative, while retaining as much as possible of the idiosyncrasies of my friend's phraseology. The hand may be at times the hand

of Esau, but the voice is always the voice of Jacob.

Let it not be imagined that our dictation and scribbling was allowed to harden into a task. Often and again it was broken in upon by jest and sally, unlooked-for interjections, sudden excursions into lands other than those our feet had set themselves to travel. At times, mind and body were too tired to begin, at others they began bravely, but in brief season wearied ; and the morning would be given to chatting of the present or the future without any effort to draw from the well of the past.

Seldom have I seen a man of his years so *en rapport* with the present, so keenly responsive to the promptings of his immediate environment. The past called to him attractively, but, unlike many old people, he never became so absorbed in its voice as to be deaf to the summons of the present. While recalling with delight the sparkle of the waves that had sped by, he watched with as keen attention the light and colour that play upon the waters now. I think of him as one of the youngest old men it has been my privilege to meet.

In the month of April, 1905, there came an unexpected break. I had preached Sunday-school sermons in Lancashire, and on the return journey caught a chill, the result of which was an illness that culminated in a serious operation. Weary months of weakness and pain ensued, and though neither of us dreamed that the interrupted story was fated never to be resumed, yet so it proved. Before I could act as Boswell to my friend again, he had heard the Master's call, and stepped on to receive his reward.

The reader will thus perceive that the recollections presented to him in *What I Remember* are a fragment, a broken column, a half-told tale. Only four out of the sixteen circuits in which Richard Martin laboured are traversed. Was it worth while to print a record so prematurely terminated? A very natural question, but one, I imagine, to which every reader, after its perusal, will be disposed to answer emphatically—yes.

I felt convinced that what was written was of too interesting a nature to be allowed to drop into oblivion, and I doubt not that many will share with me the regret that out

of a mine so rich more could not be drawn. The work is an illustration of how fascinating the ordinary circuit life, unglorified by official glamour, and which notoriety has never dragged from the shade, may be rendered. Had Richard Martin lived to complete what he so well begun, a book of no common merit would have been the result, an autobiography that multitudes in his own Church and beyond its bounds would have delighted to read. What we are told of Sedbergh and Diss, of Stokesley and Aberdeen and Shotley Bridge, makes us feel sad that in the ordination of Providence he was not permitted to go on to tell us of Penrith, and Sheffield, and Grimsby, and York, and London, and Chester, and Huddersfield, and Manchester, and Halifax, and Tunbridge Wells, and Guernsey, as well as of lands beyond the seas. I have heard him recount experiences of Penrith, Halifax, Manchester, and Australia, equal in interest to any recorded here ; and doubtless it would have been the same with all the places in which it was his lot to dwell, for he was a keen observer of men and things, ever in vital touch with his surroundings, and

endowed with a memory that seldom lost its grip on what was worth retaining.

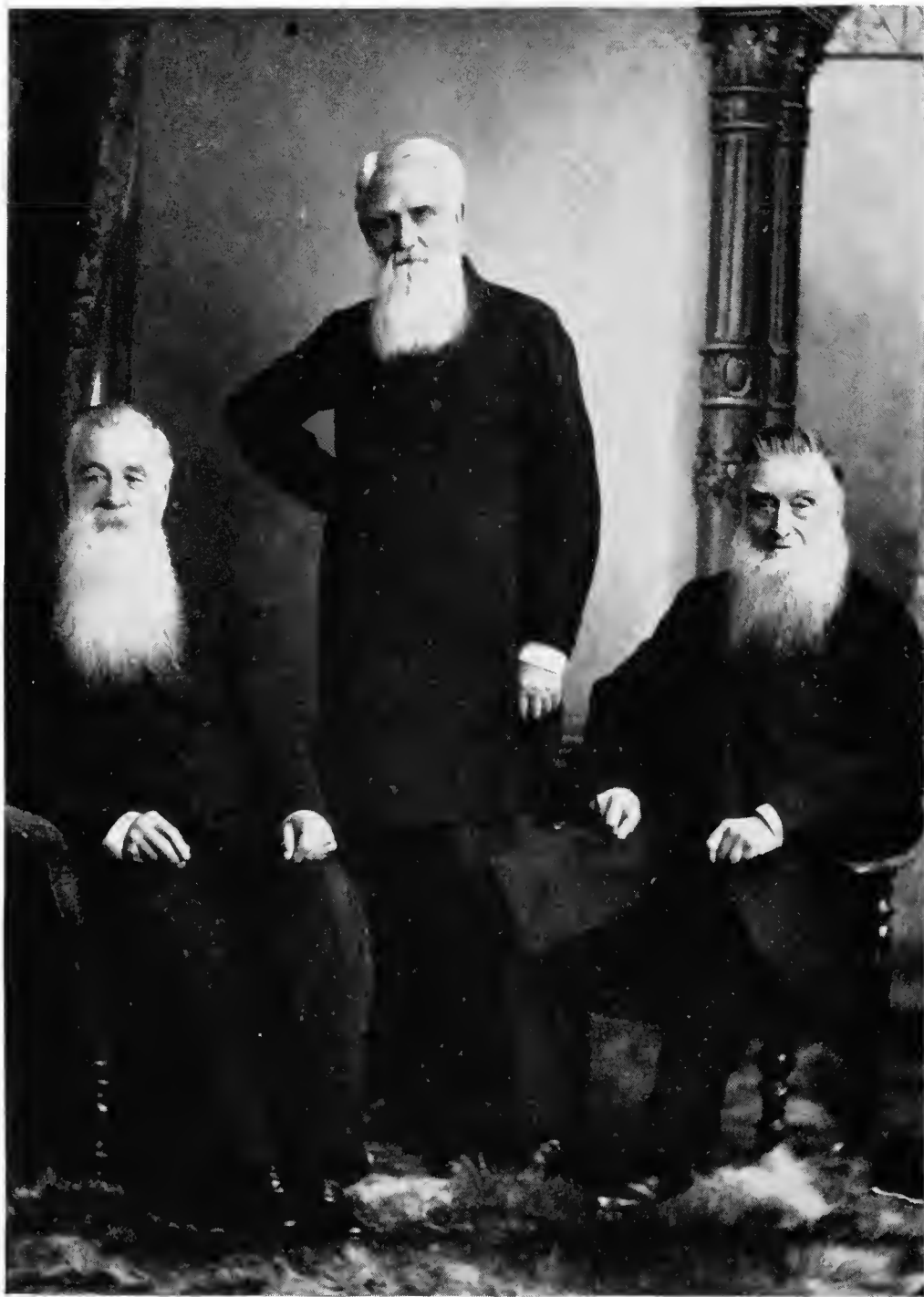
It is no part of my intention to complete what he left unfinished. For that no materials are available, nor would the story, save as it fell from his own lips, fused with his own spirit, be of more than ordinary interest. All I have been able to do, then, in continuation of his narrative, is to append a few facts, and to light them up with testimonies from such of his friends as have favoured me with their impressions and recollections, among which is specially to be noted the kindly appreciation of Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South of America.

In addition to what he remembered, the reader will find samples of what and how he thought in the two papers appended to his reminiscences—*Methodism and Culture*, and *Progress in Methodist Legislation*.

Mr. Martin became a supernumerary in 1888, after a residence of two years in Guernsey. His wife, the only daughter of Cuthbert Bainbridge, Esq., of Wolsingham, had died some seven years previously, at



SIR JOHN COLTMAN



REV. JAMES BICKFORD.

REV. JOHN WATSFORD.

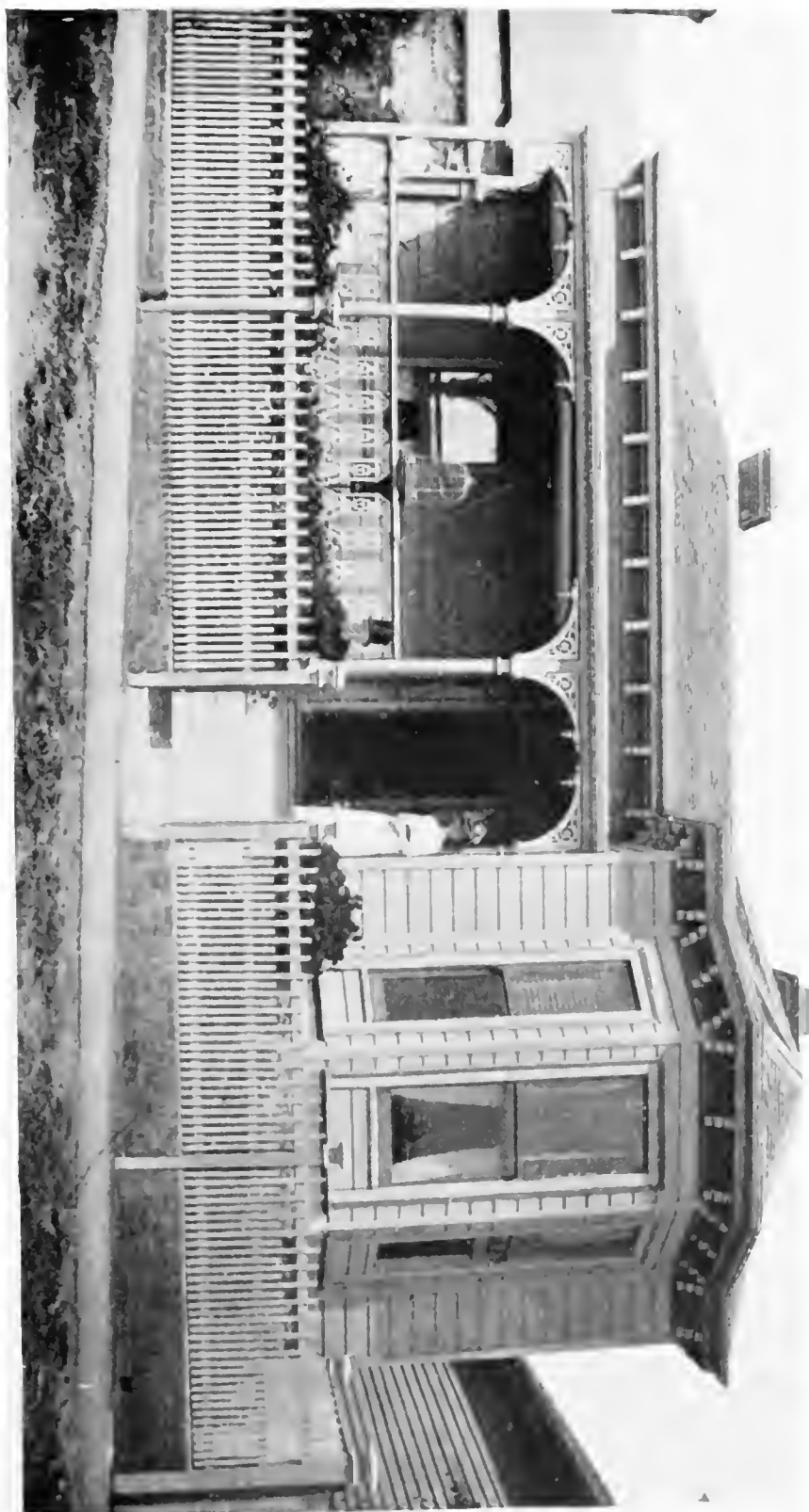
Tunbridge Wells, and both Mr. Martin and his eldest daughter being in somewhat enfeebled health, a voyage to Australia was recommended. They sailed for Adelaide in March, 1889, and remained there six months, afterwards passing on to Brisbane and Sandhurst, and thence to Tasmania, where a house was taken in the city of Launceston, and a stay made of about a year and a half. On removing from Launceston Mr. Martin went to Sydney, remaining in that neighbourhood for eighteen months or two years; but making sundry journeys in the meanwhile, and preaching whenever occasion offered. He also made many warm friends, among whom were Chief Justice Way, the Rev. James Bickford, the Rev. John Watford, the Rev. Joseph Dram, the Rev. William Jeffries, the Rev. James Nance of Launceston, Sir John Coltman, and others.

The following is the only record I have been able to find of the many journeys made during this residence of five years in Australia—

*'August 2nd.*—We started from Adelaide at 7.30 a.m. for a short visit to some of the



agricultural areas in the north. Reached Hallett Road Station at noon. Here we determined to break our journey. After we left Buna, or Koringa, as it is now called, the country presented the best aspect of any I have seen in the colony. A range of hills to the right of the railway line gives to the landscape a better appearance than you find on the flat plains. This range reaches its highest elevation, so far as one can perceive, behind the township of Hallett, which is 970 feet above the sea-level. Here the hills are very pretty, and fairly wooded, for this part of the colony. After lunch at one of the hotels we strolled out to look at the country. The wheat crops in the early stages of growth look very hopeful. What they call "paddocks" (for the English term, "field," is not in use here) look large to the eye of an English observer. If I were to guess, I should say they are about 300 acres. They were newly rolled with wooden rollers, and the broad acres were in stripes the width of the rollers. These stripes are made by the rollers bending the blades of grass in contrary directions on the outgoing and



MR. MARTIN'S RESIDENCE, LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.



return journey, causing different shades of green which makes the effect on a wide plain very pleasing.

‘The greatest enjoyment I had here was in the neat little church which belongs to the Bible Christian body, a branch of the Methodist Church. I had agreed to take the week-evening service. The congregation was good ; in style and appearance rustic, simple, devout, and quite equal in most respects to our English village congregations. The religious destitution of the people, scattered sparsely over these wide, bright Australias, would be deplorable but for the effort and enterprise of the Churches. S. J. M., a young evangelist, is placed in charge, and keeps up services here and at some other outposts. Without the typical garb which the clergy in the old country, Catholic and Protestant, patronize, this young brother directs all his efforts for self-culture to the inner man. On inquiry I found that effort in the way of self-education was not overlooked. He reads Butler and authors of that class in the prescribed course for beginners, and is able to summarize and

discuss them. His hope is to enter one of the collegiate institutions next year and work his way to full ministerial status. These facts describe the course taken by many young men here in the various Churches. This plan, as a rule, will not provide men of the most profound and varied scholarship as the University courses of England and Scotland may be expected to do, but—what they often fail to secure—men who can preach. Tried as public speakers before their course of training and probation begins, they have fair chances of success. If earnest men, they may and do avoid the aversion and disappointment of young ministers who have never tried to preach before their advent in the pulpit during or after a college course. Not a few of these unfortunates are either uncalled, or crippled by manuscripts when they ought to preach with ease.

‘On leaving this wilderness settlement, and reviewing the position and spirit of the little Church, my thoughts wandered back to other times. The first Christians were few and humble and obscure. In the ages of

persecution and under many conditions in the retreats to which the adherents of New Testament Christianity have often been driven, God and angels have been witnesses of a worship like this when the ecclesiastical spirit did not cramp and chill the spiritual and the devotional of a Christianity in its simplest forms.'

It is impossible to peruse what Richard Martin has left behind without being impressed by the width and keenness of his mental life. It is not claimed that he was a man of profound thought or exuberant imagination; he was neither a ripe scholar nor an original thinker; but he certainly possessed more than usual quickness of observation and powers of reflection. He was from the first a lover of good books, and the mental discipline which he describes himself as having undergone in his youth enabled him to master and to hold available afterwards the volumes to which he gave his attention. He not only read, but remembered; and he read in age with almost as much avidity as in youth. With many men—and, alas! with many ministers—the contents

of the mind crystallize in middle age, and the set form is never henceforth broken. Not so with this man. To the newest books and the newest thought he was always ready to accord a hearing. They might not win approval and acceptance, but they could always reckon on patient attention. Abiding by the orthodoxy in which he had been trained, he was ready to yield tolerant and fair consideration to views that chanced to differ from his own.

A note on the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' Life, which I find among his papers, is a sample of the manner in which he would go through a book. Here it is:—

‘They say he was High Church. He was not in the sense intended. Many High Churchmen and he were alike in their profound sympathy with suffering humanity, their conception of the obligations of the Churches, and in their aims as well as the prosecution of their work. He did not accept their doctrines, which were the heresies of earlier ages, and especially of mediæval Catholicism. He was a convinced Protestant, and who in recent years more firmly opposed

Papal and semi-Papal doctrines and movements than he?

‘An unfriendly critic might find on these pages what would appear to justify a charge of seeming inconsistency. The same remark would apply equally to John Wesley. But in each case alike the critic must take into his estimate the progress of enlightenment in the two men. The regulating principle in each life is not apparent to many critics. It underlies the surface of things, and when candidly considered reconciles seeming contradictions. A quotation from Emerson on p. 542 describes the position exactly. “A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.”’

This mental alertness was especially sensitive in its handling of all that concerned the Church of his choice. His reading and study had given him a thorough grasp of the history and polity of Methodism, and a firm faith in its adaptability to the most exigent



requirements of the times in which we live, and he watched its development at home and abroad with an interest that never waned. A pertinent illustration of this was the almost boyish excitement with which he hailed the appearance in the *Methodist Times* of Dr. Fitchett's new Life of Wesley, and the eagerness with which he heard him discourse at the London Ministers' Meeting on the lessons to be gathered from the struggles and successes of the Methodist Church in Australia.

There is an attachment to one's Church based solely on prejudice, or personal training, or traditional association, an attachment too unenlightened and often too bigoted to appreciate the differences between that which it admires and that upon which it looks with indifference, or, it may be, contempt. Richard Martin's affection for Methodism was open-eyed and discriminating. He was familiar with its history, and a favourite theme of meditation was the applicability of certain provisions of its ecclesiastical system to needs which other Churches failed to supply, and the way in which, through its

gradual and irregular growth, it had anticipated and aided in solving some of the social and spiritual problems of our time. His interest in its foreign missions, and its extension throughout our various colonies, as well as in the United States of America, was intense and unceasing. Travel, and a residence of five years in Australia, had widened much his outlook in this regard.

But his pride in Methodism never blinded him to the excellences of other religious communities. He hailed with delight every indication of a growing catholicity among the Churches. Nothing angered him so deeply, or roused so quickly the scorn of his nature as any manifestation of ecclesiastical arrogance and exclusiveness. For the heretic he had tolerance, but not for the overbearing sacerdotalist. To be catholic-spirited, delivered from all narrowness and bigotry, able to sympathize with every form of honest inquiry and sincere Christian service, he would remark to me again and again, was the longing of his soul.

The following pencilled reflection gives us an insight into the working of his mind :—

‘The modern aversion to penalty is the result of an unregulated growth of humane feeling, and lessens the motive power of the pulpit. This is true also of the doctrine of purgatory, as is manifest in countries where it rules opinion. On the other hand, a savage and exaggerated exhibition of punitive justice casts a black shadow upon God, and by awakening a fear of trusting Him, weakens faith and fosters infidelity. “In a truly Christian community, this consciousness that the whole future destiny is in abeyance, and all is to be lost or won by this life, penetrates every heart, and sometimes more vivid, sometimes less, whispers in privacy and earthly security of the coming doom.” I always affirm that I believe in the eternal punishment of sin. I do not affirm what the specific method will be. This can be safely left to the wisdom and justice of the good being—God.’

In politics he was an ardent Liberal ; nor did he, as is often the case, limit the application of his principles to the affairs of State and exclude it from the affairs of the Church ; in other words, he was not that

singular combination—a political Radical and an ecclesiastical Conservative. Progress in both departments, wise, gradual, but unmistakable, was his ideal. His opinions were well considered, and in their maintenance he was firm, but never aggressive. However strong his convictions, the utterance of them was not allowed to degenerate into intolerance or uncharitableness towards others. He was always and everywhere the gentleman.

One of the qualities that won for him general admiration was a marked courtliness of speech and manner. He was not only a gentleman, but a gentleman of the old school, born so, or moulded in an age that had leisure to yield itself to the fashioning of the graces. His tall form, his intelligent face, lit with a friendly smile, his dignified yet easy bearing, all conspired to lend to his personality an attractiveness of which an affectionate, amiable disposition enhanced the charm. Courtesy and refinement were with him as the scent is with the rose; nor is it a matter of surprise that at Sutton, where, as a supernumerary, he spent the last five years of his life, as indeed wherever his

lot was cast, there clung to him the respect and love of all who knew him.

The Rev. E. S. Waterhouse, one of the ministers of the Sutton circuit, writing in the Wallington *Church Notes* a few days after Mr. Martin's decease, says—

‘The Rev. Richard Martin was so well loved by all who knew him at Wallington, that we cannot pass over in silence the loss of our friend. Mr. Martin was one of the finest of the older school of Methodist preachers. Above all things he was a Christian gentleman, saintly and courteous, with an intelligent, strong, and yet particularly lovable face, and possessed with a quiet, quaint, and most kindly sense of humour. No one could see Mr. Martin without being drawn to him, no one could know him without reverence and admiration. One used to notice how the expression, “Dear old Mr. Martin,” seemed to rise naturally to the lips of every one in referring to him. Mr. Martin was a true Methodist, a sturdy Protestant, with firm evangelistic sympathies, keenly interested in young men, of strong convictions, but eminently fair to

opponents. The last time he was at Wallington was at the Covenant service last year, and many will remember how his presence seemed a benediction to that solemn service, whilst the writer will never forget a few words spoken by Mr. Martin in the Devotional Session of the Synod—the experience of a veteran of Christ, who had fought the fight that lies before the younger soldiers, and was finishing his course. In the evening-tide of his days he was the most attentive, kindly, and appreciative of listeners ; and it was encouraging to a young preacher to be greeted by Mr. Martin in the vestry, and receive the thanks that a carefully prepared message always met with. Mr. Martin's " Well done " was worth having ; it was never bestowed unthinkingly. And now, fourscore years and two, he rests from his labours, but his works follow him, and his memory will long be with those who can thank God for all the association they had with a great and simple Christian. For him there is the blessing of the pure in heart. He sees God.'

In an appreciative letter I have from the

Rev. Arthur Martin, of Plymouth—of the same name, but no relation—after stating that Richard Martin was worthy of all that can be said of him, the writer remarks, ‘I should call him the young man’s friend, for he was pre-eminently such.’ Another correspondent also, who knew him as a young man, speaks of him as ‘a girl among girls, certainly a boy among boys, and a man among men.’

Sympathy with the young man was undoubtedly a noble feature of his character. I remember well his distress, as he conversed with me of the early decease of the late Arthur Moorhouse, M.A., for whom he entertained a strong affection, and whose career he regarded as having been most promising; and the eagerness with which he lent me to read the first published volume of a young author whom he had befriended, and whose success he was anxious to see assured.

How much he felt the death of Mr. Moorhouse is evidenced by the following letter written to the father of that much lamented young minister—

‘SUTTON,

‘*January 28, 1905.*

‘MY EVER DEAR, AND VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘On opening the *Methodist Times* on Thursday evening, I received one of the greatest shocks of my life. It so deeply affected and afflicted me that I had to get into bed at once. Sleep deserted me, and the night will not be forgotten even in eternity. My health has been so infirm and shattered that I have been unable to write to you earlier. I had been thinking about you and your family every day since last Wednesday week, on which day I received a letter from Miss McKitrick, telling me that Mr. Moorhouse was seriously ill, and that your son Fred had lost his wife, after only two days’ illness.

There is a mysterious power in the world of mind by which one human spirit can be with those removed by distance, in its thoughts, desires, feelings, and sympathies. I am here, two hundred and three miles from you, but I have lived with you for a week.

Human words are hardly audible sometimes, when the air seems to vibrate with



echoes of the funeral bell. The soul in its sorrows looks off, and must look off, to the interceding Jesus; and finds consolation in the tenderness of God. What, then, can I say about Arthur? He was very dear to me. I knew him, and think of him in his boyhood life. Your home between Huddersfield and Linthwaite was to me like a wayside inn. Arthur was old enough to be wonderfully interesting to me, and we became warm friends. All the stages of his after progress, whether at school, college, or university, I watched carefully. When he showed his unwavering loyalty to our own Church, and his desire to devote his life to its ministry, it became clear that he possessed the elements of a godly and manly character, and that such a life as his would be no small contribution to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men.

‘Your dearly beloved son has been taken from you and from the Church on earth—taken by the benign Father who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will. When my son saw my deep trouble, he said to me, “Well, his work was done.” This,

no doubt, was one of the many reasons in the wise mind of God. When the Rev. Hugh P. Hughes died, I had to wrestle with myself, and had to feel some self-reproach that I did not say promptly and heartily, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." I know what you must have felt when the first turbulent waves rushed into the soul. No easy thing to repress the rising question—Why should my child be taken? Why? The answer to that question, and a thousand others, will be one of the revelations which will add to the blessedness of eternity.

'Time, submission or acquiescence, and prayer will help you; and above all the soothing words and the soft hands of Jesus will heal in your souls the wounds which death has made.

'Will you accept for yourself, and for all members of your family, in all its branches, the assurance of my tender sympathy and Christian love.

'I am, as ever before,

'Your abiding Friend,

'RICHARD MARTIN.'

Among his papers I find, too, this touching memorandum concerning Arthur Moorhouse :

‘He was mine, my God, in the bonds of unwavering friendship, in bright but bygone days. He was Thine much more, and Thou hast taken him from my frail and fading vision, but not from my heart. He will remain there for ever, in the renewed felicity which heaven will afford.’

A very good illustration of the wise and sympathetic counsel he was capable of bestowing on a young minister is furnished by the following extracts from a letter written by him to the Rev. Arthur Martin, when the latter was stationed in the Oxford circuit—

‘TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

‘*Oct.* 12, 1880.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I was glad to have your letter, and to hear that you are in fair condition, and that you have the prospect of comfort and usefulness. It adds to your happiness to be in a place where you have good natural scenery. Your visits to Oxford will brace

you up in several ways. Always prepare well for your Oxford Sunday, and preach over in the country what you intend to take there. Write out these sermons carefully, or they will be slipshod and diffuse.

‘It will be well for you at first to master the facts belonging to the history of the town and University. There will be some book or manual giving you the history of each college, and all particulars relating to the University course. Post yourself up at the outset; this will add to your interest in the place, and make all the facts familiar to you for a lifetime. If you find such a book, when you have used it, I should like to see it.

‘You will have to settle in your mind now what books you will read to put into your list in May. Do not read poor books. Good ones will help your sermons, as well as make your list reputable. You have to grind up part of Dr. Pope. I would do this in the spring, and put him into your sermons. I mean let his thoughts and arguments be used in your own form to enrich your homilies.

‘Jot down subjects as they occur to your

mind as topics for sermons, and use your Index Rerum. Excuse the exhortation this sheet contains, and believe me

‘Affectionately yours,

‘RICHARD MARTIN.’

The minister to whom this letter was addressed sends me also a synopsis of the ecclesiastical history of the third century, consisting of sixteen clearly written pages, which Mr. Martin had been at the trouble to make, to assist his young friend in preparing for a forthcoming examination.

The following recollections of Mr. George Wain, of Scarborough, give us a glimpse of Mr. Martin when stationed at York, and emphasize what has been said about his interest in young men.

‘I was sixteen years of age when, in 1863, the Rev. Richard Martin showed me kindly attention. He was at that time one of the ministers in the York Circuit, and I a member of Society and a Sunday-school teacher at Centenary Chapel.

‘He frequently invited me to accompany him to his appointments, and gave me

splendid advice and teaching in going to and fro. He also invited me to his home. One morning I was asked to partake of breakfast with himself and family, and afterwards joined them in their morning family devotions. What a rich spiritual treat that was to me! It so powerfully impressed me that I imagine I can still see and hear Mr. Martin reading the scripture portion, making suitable observations thereon, and then engaging in prayer.

‘He was anxious for me to become useful in the Church, and presented me with Locke’s *System of Theology*, which had then only just been published. Subsequently he gave me Stevens’ *History of Methodism*. He took a most fatherly interest in me, and his kindness was such as I shall never forget. It seemed as if his great mission was to get me thoroughly christianized and fitted for every duty, whether in the Church or the world; and, what is more, I believe he manifested the same concern for other young men as he did for me. Truly he was the young man’s friend; and everybody loved him for his quiet, beautiful,

Christlike spirit and disposition. Where sympathy or help and advice in difficulties were needed, he was always there. I remember he was spoken of as a superior preacher, and a most faithful and diligent pastor. He was the Financial Secretary of the York District, and, as such, he allowed me the privilege of assisting him in such simple and routine work as I as an office-boy could do. I was much impressed with the orderly and quiet manner in which he performed everything he had to do.

‘Dear Richard Martin I shall never forget, but always feel thankful that ever I knew him. He was one of the potent influences for good in my young life, as I believe he was to many another young man.’

No man can be to his fellows what God intends and what men desire unless a sense of humour be one of the properties of his nature. Without it his sympathies are narrowed, and wide tracts of human interests barred from his approach. Life has offered but a broken vision to him who has known nothing of its laughter, and when eventually he passes beyond the veil, it will be with

only a limited knowledge of what lies on this side. So did not live, and so did not die the subject of this sketch. His was a cheery optimism, and bright was the look he turned upon the world. The happy word, the playful jest, the merry glance were ever at his beck, nay, lived so near as not to need a summons. No doubt, like all of us, he had his hours of sadness, his cup of sorrow which he drank alone, but the glass he offered to others brimmed with good cheer. Never was there seen in him the gloom, the austerity, the sourness which not infrequently makes piety repellent. He was a sociable man, and the relish with which he told or listened to a good story, catching its points, rejoicing in the scintillations of its humour, made him a delightful companion. I have sat for hours steeped in the radiance of his quiet talk, and felt both soul and body refreshed under the play of its merry beams. He enjoyed the pleasantries as well as the edification of social intercourse, and his long and wide experience had furnished him with a wealth of anecdote which he was ever ready to dispense for the entertainment of his friends. A ripple



of this playfulness is noted by an old Yorkshire friend, formerly of Stokesley, now of Belfast. During Mr. Martin's residence in York, he visited his old friends at Stokesley, 'Are you remaining in York another year, Mr. Martin?' asked a lady. 'No, Mrs. ———,' was the reply; 'they have not invited me.' Which, of course, was but a sly way of intimating that his term was expired.

I remember well, also, the merry twinkle in his eye as he told me how one of his daughters when a child came into his study on a certain Sunday morning, and, seeing him turning over the leaves of his sermon, asked, 'Father, are you going to preach all that?' 'Yes, dear, and more,' he answered. 'Oh, how tired I shall be!' was the naïve reply.

The following words from the Rev. W. A. Labrum may be fittingly inserted here, as they touch upon the playful humour of his character, as well as on the great sorrow that overtook him when stationed at Tunbridge Wells—

'My first intercourse with Mr. Martin was at Tunbridge Wells, where I spent my probation, and for the last year was under his

superintendency. I had known him by repute, and had regarded him with great admiration. When we came into personal touch, there was added to this admiration a familiar and profound affection. He was to me more like an elder brother than a superintendent, and as we returned from country missionary meetings, we walked arm-in-arm together through the lands of Kent and Sussex with his plaid encircling us both, and talked together with unchecked freedom.

‘Before long, however, his home was darkened by the great sorrow of his life. His dear wife was stricken with a mortal sickness, and he himself passed through a period of enfeebled health and intense pain. Only those who watched him lovingly could form even a faint conception of all he endured during those months of strain.

‘Even then his face would light up with a playful smile, and there would be a flash of that gracious humour which sometimes appeared verbally severe, but which was steeped in sunny kindliness.

‘On one occasion I was helping him along one of the hilly roads, and told him that he

ought to be thankful to have such a muscular colleague. He gravely expressed his gratitude, and added that his chief regret was that my mental strength was not equal to my physical. A friend who had joined us in our walk could hardly tell whether it was an actual rebuff. On another occasion a relative was reiterating his belief that ministers' wives should be distinctly called to that position, and should not be chosen as other wives are. Mr. Martin quietly replied, "The Lord has never commissioned you to preach that gospel, for He has never given you any seals to your ministry."

'During his travels in distant lands there passed but little direct correspondence between us, but I read with avidity the short paragraphs which occasionally appeared in the Methodist papers after his return, and had occasional talks with him.

'Whenever I went to Conference it was with the hope of meeting him there, and I scanned the pews to find him eager and interested as ever in all the movements of Methodism. In our fragmentary conversations he would revive personal incidents

which I had long forgotten. One always felt that he had given one a place in his heart, and that he regarded one as a perpetual colleague.

‘In May, 1902, Mr. Martin came with several members of his family to Penzance, where I was then stationed. The years had brought physical infirmities, but the higher qualities were not only unimpaired but transfigured. That visit has left in my heart an abiding impression of a saintly character, playful and serious, deeply affectionate, reverent and hopeful, versed in the deep and ancient things of God, but welcoming any new light with a spirit that refused to grow old.’

A more unassuming man than Richard Martin one does not often meet. The comparative affluence of his position in later years begat in him no sense of superiority, and whatever might be his gifts of mind or fortune, they always moved hand-in-hand with modesty. The poor loved him, not only because of his benevolence, but because of an urbanity in his bearing which made them feel at home with him immediately. In happy kinship

with this was a kindliness and liberality of which many to whom it ministered in their hour of need will cherish grateful recollections. If he had means more ample than those of some of his brethren, the disposition to use them generously, though quietly and without ostentation, was not lacking.

I have said that he was a friend to laughter, and feared not to be gay ; but through all the sunniness of his mood, one could see the shining of the Face Divine. To all who came in contact with him was manifest his childlike faith in God, the serenity of one who has found the great peace, and abides evermore beneath its sheltering wing.

It was my privilege more than once during the final months to be visited by him in the sick-chamber, and few things could be sweeter than the sunny hopefulness of his converse, and the tenderness with which at parting he committed me and mine to the care of the Great Father of us all. At our last parting, he held my hand, and with an affectionate look, and, in tones not soon to be forgotten, repeated—

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

The same happy trust in God breathed in every letter I received from him afterwards. He felt that the days of waiting could not be long, and though for those who loved him the world is vastly poorer without his visible presence, to him the change was but a stepping into an upper room of a universe all of which he had learned to claim as the Father's House.

It was pathetic to stumble upon the following in looking through some of his pencilled memoranda—

*'July 10, 1905.—Do not my daily thoughts create a firm conviction that I am not far from the Unseen Life? Like some pilgrim, I feel a strange force carrying me onward ; or as a boat on the stream nearing to ocean—the emblem of eternity, unbeginning endless sea. To be listening always for the summons of the Master, watching and ready, is the petition of my every day. Within a short time recently two of my former colleagues*

have completed their journey, and have entered on the eternal rest—William J. Tweddle and William Hirst. In the early part of last week I heard that Mr. Hirst seemed to be nearing the end. On Thursday I started off to try to say a last consoling word to my friend, and to find a final interview a solemn means of grace. But I saw only the mortal body which the soul in its ascension had left cold, silent, and motionless. Pope's lines had a new and fuller meaning—

Hark, they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!

‘Very often of late I have been arrested by the forcible sensation—why have I so many thoughts on the earth, and so few comparatively in heaven? Have I not yet experienced the heavenly-mindedness which is the result of a vigorous Christian faith? O Jesus, Thou Resurrection and Life of the soul, put round me the arms of Thy divine compassion; draw me nearer to Thy divine heart; infuse my poor frail nature with Thyself, and let me live in Thee!

‘For some time past I have been drawn

irresistibly to live over again the remembered and happy years of my childhood and early youth ; the scenes of a rural home, the effects of parental example and discipline ; the conflict of influences, good and evil, in the world about me. Above all I find new and strange delight in hymns and scriptures learnt then. Lord, be with me in the closing scene, when I have reached the last hours of my second childhood, and the second cradle of the grave !'

On the Sunday previous to his decease, his married daughter, Mrs. Sugden, asked him if he would like her to read him some hymns. His answer was, 'Yes, very much,' and his choice fell on Miss Procter's touching hymn, beginning—

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
                                 A pleasant road ;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
                                 Aught of its load ;

and also on the beautiful hymn of Mrs Ormiston Chant—

Light of the world, faint were our weary feet  
                                 With wandering far ;  
 But Thou didst come our lonely hearts to greet,  
                                 O Morning Star ;  
 And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high,  
 To see the glory of the glowing sky.



In days long<sup>g</sup> past we missed our homeward way ;  
    We could not see ;  
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to stray :  
    How blind to Thee !  
But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy plight ;  
And thou didst touch our eyes, and give them sight.

Now hallelujahs rise along the road  
    Our glad feet tread ;  
Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load ;  
    There's light o'erhead :  
Glory to Thee whose love hath led us on,  
Glory for all the great things Thou hast done.

Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory,  
    Where all the pain,  
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee  
    Hath rent in twain ?  
Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come  
To light and love in Thine eternal home.

On another day, Mrs. Sugden went to his  
bedside, and said—

‘How do you feel to-day, father?’

To which he replied—

‘Very well ; and so I ought with the great  
Rock of Ages under my soul.’

‘Do you find that a comfort to you?’ she  
asked.

‘Yes,’ was the emphatic rejoinder ; and then  
he added, ‘This is just how I wished to end

my days, at home, with all my family around me.'

Through all his last illness he was most patient and happy, never one murmur escaping his lips. He entered into the rest which remains, on Sunday, December 17, 1905, at the age of eighty-three years, and was interred in the family burial-place in the parish churchyard of Stanhope, in the county of Durham; a memorial service having previously been held in the Wesleyan Church at Sutton, conducted by the Superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. William Brookes. At this service a short address was delivered by the Rev. W. J. Marris, a former colleague of Mr. Martin, who remarked that the deceased was the best friend he had ever had, and one of the oldest. The friendship had extended over a period of forty-six years, and they had gone together unbrokenly through varied scenes of joy and sorrow. There were two features in the character of the deceased which stood out very prominently—he was a very spiritually-minded man, and also a very lowly-minded man. His high genius and quiet disposition gained him many friends, and, as far as the

speaker knew, he never lost any. As a preacher he was expository, evangelical, and practical, and always gained the sympathy of his congregation through his tender and prayerful appeals. Popularity he never sought, but the effects of his ministry would always be apparent in Sheffield, Brixton Hill, Manchester, and elsewhere. He was an extremely sympathetic and attentive pastor, a great friend of the poor—his words and prayers were ever for these—and his whole bearing was brimful of sympathy, tenderness, and earnestness. He was never known to make an enemy, and had a quiet humour, which, where a harsh word might have caused friction, poured oil on the troubled waters. Perhaps his greatest feature was his special kindness to young men in counsel, in books, and even at times in money.

A family of one son and three daughters is left to mourn Mr. Martin's loss, and to cherish the memory of his noble life. One of the daughters is wife to the Rev. Herbert J. Sugden, one of our ministers, now stationed at Birmingham. The other two reside with their widowed brother, Mr. Cuthbert

Bainbridge (who took the name of his grandfather on that gentleman's decease) at Lower Cheam House, Sutton, where their father spent his last happy years. All are attached to the Methodist Church, in such blessed fellowship with which he whose name they revere lived and died.

The following letters may fittingly close this brief and inadequate tribute to a choice and noble spirit—

*From the Rev. W. Terry Coppin to  
the Rev. Joseph Dawson*

‘LUCKNOW,  
‘April 8, 1906.

‘DEAR MR. DAWSON,

‘I fear I am writing you at too great a distance, and therefore at too late a period, respecting my dear old friend, the late Richard Martin. He was my superintendent at Guernsey, and ever since he has kept up the acquaintance. What a joy it was when, quite unexpectedly, he called and spent several hours with us at Gibraltar, when returning home from his sojourn in

Australasia! He was greatly interested in our little boy, whom he had baptized in the Channel Islands, and greatly amused when, on showing him the contents of the album, the little chap, all unconscious of the visitor's identity, remarked, pointing to Mr. Martin's portrait, "That is the minister who vaccinated me." My wife, writing to me recently, says: "I thought that letter he wrote you before you sailed spoke volumes; then the other day I opened a book in which he had written: 'To the Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Coppin, and to my Friend Noël whom I baptized—Richard Martin.

Remember vanished hours;  
Let memory sometimes dwell  
On one who thinks of you,  
With thoughts too deep to tell.'"

'He travelled up to London and to the Mission House last September, purposely to see me and to say good-bye. I could scarcely realize he was the old man of eighty years. He seemed so little altered in any way. At first it was altogether his intention to stay to the Leysian Hall Valedictory in the evening; but when we began to move from the Mission

House in that direction, he said he felt too tired, and would have to return home.

‘His interest in his young colleagues was constant, and ever sympathetic. To me he was a very true friend, and we loved to see him. I have been looking for some of his letters, and regret much that I cannot find even one. I have moved about so much that I had eventually to keep a repressive hand upon accumulations.

‘I suppose you don't personally know India. A surprising number of visitors find their way to Lucknow. They enjoy it in the cool season; but little do they know what it is to be here in the fearfully hot season that has now set in. I thought West Africa and Gibraltar were hot, but they are mild in comparison with what has to be endured on these burning plains. I have seen more open, crude, superstitious idolatry in a single day in India than in all the ten years I spent in West Africa.

‘Believe me, with much regard,

‘W T. COPPIN.’

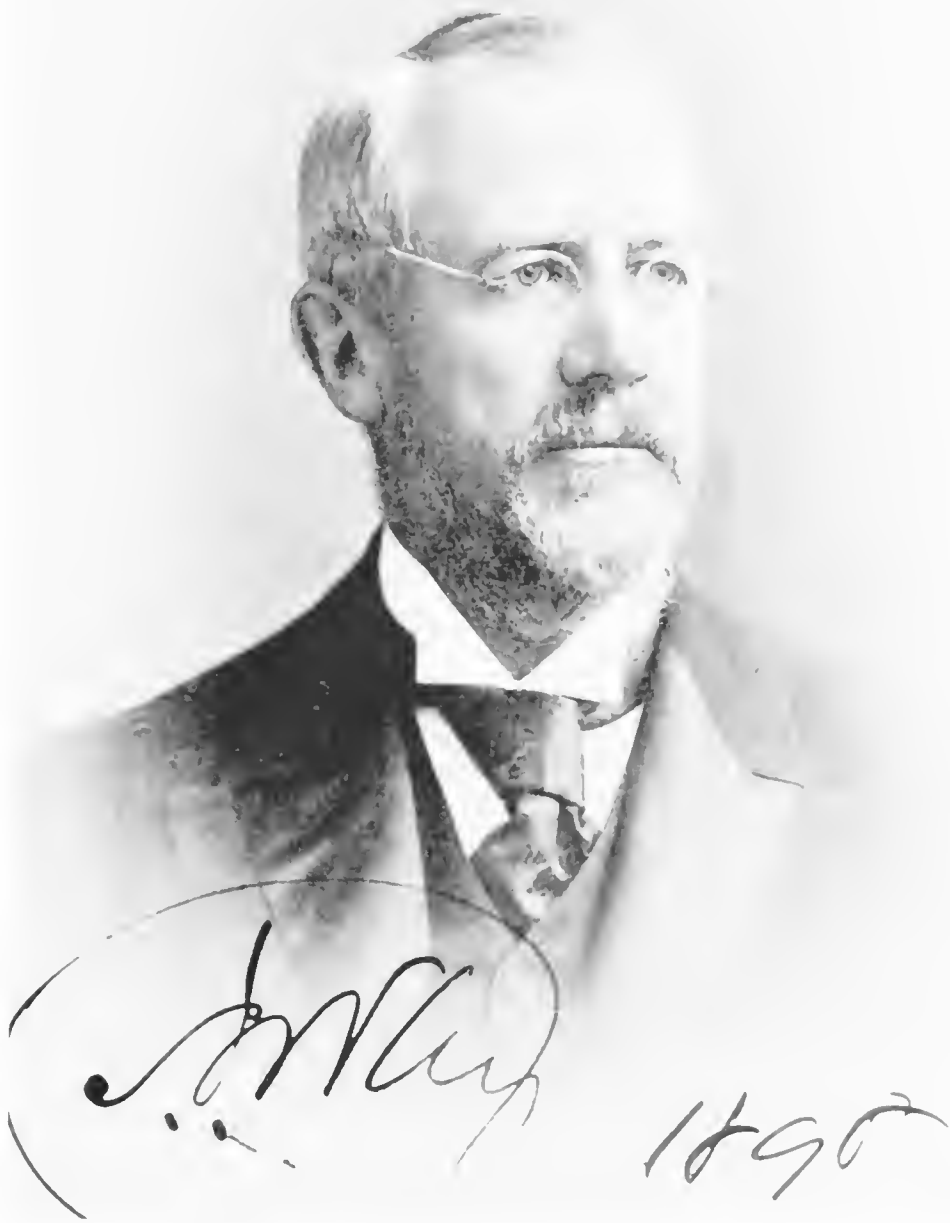
*From Chief Justice Way to Cuthbert  
Bainbridge, Esq.*

‘NORTH ADELAIDE,  
‘March 20, 1906.

‘MY DEAR MR. BAINBRIDGE,

‘I have to thank you for sending me the *Sutton Herald*, announcing the death of my dear and honoured friend, the Rev. Richard Martin. He had reached a good old age, but I selfishly hoped that he might live at least until the visit to England to which I am looking forward in the course of the next year or so.

‘It was my privilege to make your father’s acquaintance during his visits to Australia, and I saw a good deal of him on two at least of these occasions. I admired his wide culture, his dignity of character, and his generous sympathies with other religious denominations. His occasional letters since, and little tributes of affection, have kept alive our friendship. At the late Methodist Conference here, the election of the Rev. Charles Martin to be President next year, recalled your father very vividly to me. He



CHIEF JUSTICE WAY, ADELAIDE.





heard Mr. Martin preach at the Bible Christian chapel at Wilmington, at the head of Horrock's Pass in the North, and he called my attention to his gifts and promise, and begged me not to lose sight of him. This was a characteristic incident, and Mr. Martin's subsequent career has amply justified his forecast.

'However late it may be postponed, when a blow of this kind descends, it is none the less a severe one. I remember myself the grief I felt for years at the loss of my dear father, who, like yours, lived to be an octogenarian. Happily we mourn not as those "which have no hope."

'Will you express my sincere sympathy with your sisters as well as yourself?

'Believe me,

'Yours sincerely,

'S. J. WAY.'



PART II

WHAT I REMEMBER

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT

## FOREWORD

The beginnings of one's life are wrapped in mystery, and no one can say of his natal day, 'I remember.' In every case some events must have occurred before the faculty which we call memory is brought into operation. Its first exercise must be an act of retention arising from attention to what has been suggested, probably by some other mind. We may call this a revelation to the mind of the child. Until then the expression, 'I remember,' can have no application or meaning. Afterwards the mind will receive myriads of thoughts, good and evil, to be remembered or forgotten.

To some it may seem an obtrusion of myself to put these memories into print, especially when it is borne in mind that the world is flooded already with much better books. Yet some of them may be worthy of preservation, and in any case, there is comfort for us all in the thought that no one is compelled to read them against his will.

R. M.





THE FARMHOUSE IN WHICH MR. MARTIN WAS BORN.

## IN THE BEGINNING

I WAS told by my parents in very early childhood that I appeared in this world on March 6, 1823. My birthplace was a farmhouse in the parish of Sedbergh, in Yorkshire. The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of that town is of an attractive character, affording in the summer months a choice retreat to those who desire relief from the noise and toil of city life. Its hills have close relation to the Pennine Range, sometimes called the backbone of England. They form the western extremities of the lovely Yorkshire dales. Several small brooks run through pleasant glades towards the town, and, on its western side, flow into the river Lune, which carries the united waters into the sea at Morecambe Bay, not far from Lancaster.

The following description is given by the



Rev. John Hessell, a young minister of great promise, who lived for a short time at Ravenstonedale: 'The place itself has many natural attractions, which may induce me to remain longer than I now anticipate. It is situated in one of the most romantic dales, I think, I ever saw. It is encircled by an amphitheatre of hills about ten miles in circumference, whose towering peaks pierce the clouds. The ground within this circuit is of the most varied character. It is cast up into abrupt and fantastic eminences which appear to mimic the gigantic hills by which they are surrounded. The whole country is beautifully wooded, and a mountain stream runs through it, of most interesting and romantic character. I have this evening been tracing its meanderings, and certainly I do not know when I have enjoyed the scenes of nature more. This beautiful rivulet assumes almost every variety of aspect, and it would appear that nature, as if intending to set it off to the utmost advantage, had selected her choice scenery to accompany it. The ground through which it passes is studded with trees of almost every kind, the towering



KILTIORPE BRIDGE, SLIEVE DONARD.



oak, the wide-spreading beech, the mountain fir. Sometimes it glides in silent and sullen majesty beneath the overhanging foliage which seems to frown upon it, and then it contends in angry surges with the rugged rocks over which it rushes. I was so enamoured of the fair goddess, Nature, that I could not help taking up the pencil and attempting to sketch her lovely features. But I am no artist; I have forgot myself.'

The river Clough, flowing from Garsdale, formed the boundary on one side of the farm where I was born, a rapid stream by which I used to wander as a boy, and in which I fished and bathed with great delight.

The first domestic tragedy of which I had experience was the death of my sister, who was older than I. We were each seized with croup at the same time. She did not survive, and I was told by my parents afterwards that when the little coffin was removed from the house to the graveyard, the friends whispered to each other that the boy would be dead when they returned. How shortsighted we mortals are! The all-wise God knew that the boy would live long.

As I grew older the homestead became dearer to me. Every window-pane that admitted the summer sunlight, and the beautiful leafy forms painted by the hand of the Frost King; the chairs and tables in the room; the books and pictures on the walls, all reappear while I write this. One of those old pictures I can never forget. It was a sea scene. A vessel, driven on the rocks, was beginning to break up. No shred of sail was visible, and the masts, like naked arms, stretched upward towards the sky as if in supplication to the unseen Power. Huge dark billows rushed landward to strike the helpless barque, and the last hopes of all were blotted out as wave succeeded wave. A woman, swept from the wreck, could be seen half dressed, lifting in outstretched arms an infant towards the sailors clinging to the ship, and entreating them wildly to save her child. This scene appealed to my imagination day by day as the years went on. The heart also was stirred, and perhaps I was prepared in some degree for events which happened afterwards when for thousands of miles on the world's oceans I journeyed to other lands.

In a room of the old house in which I often slept there hung a large map on the wall, which had pictured on its borders plans of the cities of Europe—Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and others. This was the beginning of my studies in geography, long before school days brought exacter knowledge.

This same room I continued to occupy for some years. Every night the familiar form of my mother appeared, a gentle hand was laid on mine, and the expected kiss was the last benediction for the day. If the furniture of the room could have acquired audible speech, what tender and sacred revelations would have been made! In home life such scenes should not be rare. It is in the biography of Mrs. Shimmelpennick, I think, which I read years ago, that there is recorded how her first thought of God was acquired. One day, when with her mother in her room, childlike, she pointed to some object, a plant or a tree, and asked who made it. 'If you do not know,' her mother replied, 'think of it until to-morrow, and if you have not then found out, we will come here again.' The morrow came, and the child had not found

the answer to her own question. The mother, beginning with things the child knew, led her on step by step until the solemn answer came, as laconic as it was profound: 'My child, the maker is God.'

My recital of the incident, though substantially true, may not be verbally exact, as I am quoting from memory. 'That,' said the child in after years, 'was my first thought of God.' What an amazing addition to a child's stock of knowledge in a moment! The fundamental idea from which the unthinkable myriads of holy thoughts in any human brain have originated, is the sacred name of God. This thought in itself, I was about to say, is almost enough to change the destiny of a soul throughout the unknown ages of eternity.

But to return to the bedroom in my early home. One day I was in that still room with my mother when the conversation turned my thoughts back to the blank made in the home by the removal of my little sister some years before. We stood by the window, and she pointed to the grey tower of the old church beyond the green trees, and reminded me that little Eleanor slept there in her lowly

bed, and that other little graves were not far from hers. I have not yet forgotten the admonitory and tender lines I learned in that room :

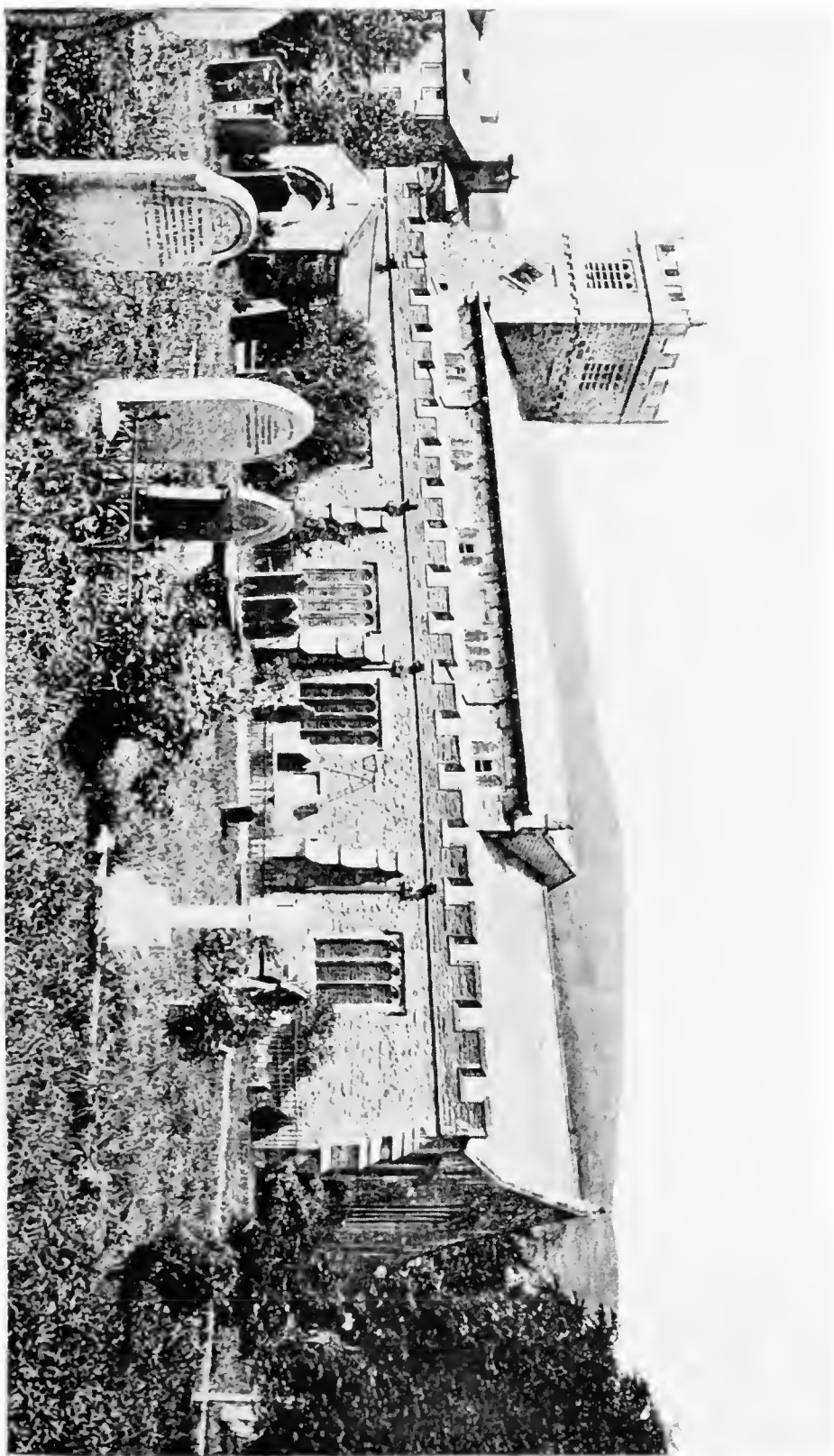
The rosebud yet unblown may lie  
Withered across the way ;  
The lamb amidst the flock may die,  
The grave unthought of may be nigh  
To others such as they.

When I was quite a small boy, the roof of the house was partly taken off to effect some repairs. I climbed upstairs, stood on the landing, looked through the square hole in the ceiling which led to the roof, and, to my great amazement, saw the blue sky. Had it been night, and I old enough, the A B C of astronomy might have been learned then and there ; but that big word I had never heard, nor dreamed of the wonders comprised in it. In after years the incident had an interest for me of another kind. My father informed me that the builder who did the work was Mr. Roger Moister. His son William helped his father with his accounts and in other matters. He was present all the time the repairs went on. This was probably the last piece of secular business in which he



engaged before leaving home to prepare for work on the foreign mission-field, where he proved afterwards to be one of the best agents of his order that the Methodist Foreign Missionary Society ever had. In the West Indies and in Western and Southern Africa, he rendered memorable service, and, after protracted labours, retired to Sedbergh, his native place. He died there, and was buried in the graveyard of the parish church. The house now occupied by the Wesleyan minister was bequeathed to the circuit by Mr. Moister as an expression of his love for the Church to which he had already given the contribution of an honourable life. The late Sir Bartle Frere and the Rev. William Moister were fast friends in South Africa, and, after long years of separation, were privileged to meet at Sedbergh, and to worship together in the parish church, where I was baptized, and where, in its graveyard, the body of my friend now sleeps in the last long silence.

The first teaching I received was from my mother, a woman of superior mind, and fitted for a position far above that she actually



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SEDBURGH.



occupied. My father was of Scotch descent. The exact locality from which he sprung I do not remember. My mother's family owned lands in Westmoreland, on which they lived.

The first book I ever bought, purchased with pocket-money that might otherwise have been spent over sweets, was the history of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. I had seen the book in a shop-window, and invested in it all the wealth I possessed. My home was about two miles outside the town, and reading it on the way, I became so excited with Jack's wonderful performances that I could not refrain from climbing over the hedge and sharing them with a young farmer of my acquaintance who happened to be ploughing in a field at the other side. As I grew older, books of better quality were read with avidity.

Of schools and schoolmasters I have sundry recollections. My first pedagogue was an old man whose knowledge of arithmetic, and possibly of Euclid, appeared so wonderful to the inhabitants of the dale that they conceived it could only have been

attained through dabbling in the black arts, and they credited him with power to foretell the future. I am not disposed to smile at them for their superstition, nor to discount the reputation of my teacher. One who came after him I must ever remember. He had lived away from the dales, and knew more of city life than he knew of the declension of nouns and the conjugation of verbs. He wore a long black coat that came below his knees. In disposition he was bright and kind, but he had one fatal weakness. At the hour of noon he would slip away to indulge in something more elevating than strengthening. I remember well his return on one particular day. He found me in the schoolroom alone, and began talking freely, too freely. Aware that I suspected something, he looked me straight in the face, and said—

I like the bottle,  
It warms my throttle,  
And makes me niddle-noddle  
Queerly.

From the successor of this tippling rhymester I gained more help. A self-taught, studious man, he adopted better

methods, and under his tuition I made some progress in the knowledge of arithmetic and English. The time had come when I needed more advanced teaching. My first school reader was abandoned. It consisted of extracts not purely educational, including essays by Addison and other matter in prose and rhyme, not always quite refining in its influence. In what standard could it find a place to-day?

One teacher I was fortunate enough to gain to whom I have felt indebted all my life—the Rev. C. H. Bateman, a scholar and a gentleman. He had been one of the masters in the Moravian School at Fulneck, and afterwards became minister of the Congregational church at Sedbergh, of which church my father was one of the trustees. Mr. Bateman introduced me to a series of admirable school-books which, by mutual agreement, had been provided by Archbishop Whately and the Roman Catholic party for use in Ireland, and the intercourse I had with him was helpful and elevating in every way.

My passion for books was strong. One

that held a high place in my affection was an illustrated edition of *Buffon's Natural History*. Unfortunately, during my absence from home one day, a book hawker, on his round, called at the farm, and induced my mother to exchange Buffon for some other book. Imagine the horror and indignation I felt on discovering that I had been deprived of my favourite in this way. My library was very limited, but Mr. Bateman aided me greatly in this respect. One book which he lent and directed me in the use of with valuable results was Todd's *Student's Manual*. I remember reading at that time, with great eagerness, the classic story of Hero and Leander. Several volumes by Puritan writers also came in my way, such as Palmer's *Tempestuous Soul Calmed by Jesus Christ*, the *Bruised Reed* by Sibbs, and others. My father's two favourite books were Matthew Henry's *Method of Prayer*, and the works of Isaac Ambrose of Garstang, a writer of the same class—books devout and profitable. When I was led to begin work as a local preacher my bookshelves naturally grew fuller. Among their treasures

I remember gratefully Burder's *Mental Discipline*, and I was bold enough to tackle *Watts' Logic* and his book on the *Improvement of the Mind*. In the study of English, Highley's *English Grammar*, and the same author's book on English composition, were favourites of both teacher and pupil.

Mr. Bateman's method of communicating knowledge was striking and most helpful to the memory. Matters of detail, on which many teachers would deem it useless to spend time, were drilled into the mind. It was impossible to forget the lesson on 'will' and 'shall.' I was shown how, in one portion of our British Isles, they were constantly misapplied. 'Think,' said the teacher, 'of a man saying, "I *will* be drowned and no one *shall* help me"! ' Punctuation was not overlooked. Even the little comma was made important, and the comical mistake of a sailor's wife was used to instruct me. At the time of her husband's departure on a long voyage, she sent a written request to be read in church. It was punctuated thus: 'A sailor going to sea his wife, desires



the prayers of this congregation for his preservation from danger.' How ludicrous the effect of the comma being placed after the wrong noun, not after 'sea,' but after 'wife'!

## IMPRESSIONS OR DAWNING SIGHT

**I**T was my privilege to witness the beginning of the Congregational church in Sedbergh. The services were held at first in a joiner's shop, an upper room in a back yard, the preachers being chiefly students, with occasionally a tutor, from the College near Leeds. These were often at my father's house.

One Saturday morning our maid had risen late, and rushed in hurried fashion to light the kitchen fire. It did not burn to her mind, and nothing she could lay hands upon seemed sufficiently combustible to meet the emergency. Time hastened, but the flame lagged. At length, happy thought, she recollected there was gunpowder in the cupboard. This was the very thing she needed to enable her to make rapid progress. She

took a portion, and laying it under the fuel, applied a light, and stood close by to watch the effect. In a few moments the whole contents of the grate were blown against her face, scorching it severely. The Rev. William Vint, Principal of the College, was the preacher for the next day. He called at my home on the Saturday, not long after the maid had been hurt, and I remember being vividly impressed by the kindly interest he manifested in her welfare at the close of the service on the following Sunday morning. His solicitude was such as to create in my childish imagination a high appreciation of his goodness.

When the new chapel was built my father was made one of the trustees. Among others active in promoting its erection were the Messrs. Dover, of Hebblethwaite Hall, whose descendants are still in the parish, and whose mills find employment for the people. Their interest continues to give strength to the Congregational cause.

The Sunday school was begun in the church itself before the floors were completed or the pews put in. I knew the school from

its beginnings, but was not a constant attendant, owing partly to the distance of my home. I remember the teachers and officers well. Some of my earliest religious impressions were produced by the teacher of a class who spoke to each boy in turn so directly that his words could not but take effect.

One elderly man, who held office in the school, was far from being a favourite. I remember his coming to my father's house, and talking very religiously. He was a strong Calvinist, and once in my hearing spoke effusively to my mother of the vast superiority of her children to those who did not belong to the elect. Though only a boy, I was old enough to have some discernment. My thought was, 'Now, this is what people call white-washing. We children are not a bit better than those of other people.' The effect on a young mind was not wholesome. One teacher did good by his quiet speech in the class, and the other did harm by his fulsome compliments in the home.

On a well-remembered Sunday I sat during the morning service with the boys of the

class. The preacher was a student from the College. We were located in a corner of the church on forms without backs. At the end of a form, with arms folded across his breast, sat the old flatterer to whom I have just referred, and when the sermon had advanced a little way, he fell asleep, and swayed rhythmically to and fro. Suddenly he lost his balance, and fell backwards with his heels higher than his head. The effect on the boys was electrical. They broke into a storm of merriment, in which, in spite of my being of the elect, it was impossible for me not to join. How the poor student in the pulpit steered out of the squall is more than I can say.

A great worker in the newly formed church was Richard Gilchrist, a Scotsman, who held some position under Mr. Upton, owner of a cotton mill, and then resident at Akey, a good house just outside the town. He worked in the Sunday school, and was always in evidence at the public services. He gave out the hymns, led the singing with a voice not quite cherubic, read the announcements, looked after the pew-rents, and was

generally the emergency man of the church, good, useful, and much respected.

It was during the services held there that divine light entered my heart, silently, effectively, as day steals through a window, we know not how. I remember particularly one Sunday morning. A student was preaching, and it must have been on some topic relating to the Passion of our Lord. There was a vivid description of the last scenes in the world's greatest tragedy. I seemed to see the rabble on the way to Calvary, Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross, that cross laid on the ground, the sacred Person stretched upon it, the hammer lifted by the heartless executioner and the nails driven home, and then the wounded body hoisted in sight of all. I was in the square pew close to the pulpit, where Gilchrist always sat. The light which reached the understanding was not all ; a turbulent emotion flooded my heart, and tears began to flow. To me nothing has ever been more real than that silent outburst of sorrow. It should have led to instant decision for God, and fellowship with His people ; but those were not the days in which

the relation of the child to the church was understood. The Methodist Church, as well as others, has had that to learn.

For some time after this the young soul within me took no forward step on the right road, though the Good Spirit never wearied in His divine appeal. One Sunday afternoon, in company with a youth from the next farm who was my bosom friend, I wandered across my father's fields. Close to the house was one of considerable elevation, and we sauntered there by the hedgerow on the green grass of the summer time. While we strolled, the bells of the church at Dent began to ring—a superior peal for a country place. The wind must have been in the right quarter for conveying the sound, for I heard the peal distinctly, though a moor intervened, and the village was a few miles away. It was the only time I ever heard the bells from that spot. Suddenly, quick as lightning, the thought flashed upon my mind, 'Why are you here? This is the holy day. The bells call upon all who hear them to repair to the holy place. You know well that one-seventh part of your time belongs to

God, and that you have no right to be here spending it for your own pleasure.' Conscience was the speaker, but it was as if I had heard an audible voice, and that voice the voice of God. This is but a sample of what often happened to me at that time in that inner world which we call the soul.

On another Sunday after this, the same young friend called as the day was waning. We went outside, and said to each other, 'What shall we do this evening?' A Methodist tenant had recently come to Dovecote Ghyll Farm, about a mile away, and had commenced there a Sunday evening service, conducted by the local preachers in the neighbourhood. To this service we resolved to go. It was winter, and snow covered the ground. The service was held in the largest room in the house. We went in along with others, and sat down together. A young man, of whom we had a slight knowledge, had come to preach a trial sermon, before being placed on the Circuit Plan. An elder local preacher was present to listen and report. The younger brother took charge of the earlier part of the service, and delivered



his homily. I found afterwards that it was an abstract from John Wesley's sermon on the New Birth. What could have been better either for him or for us? No one knew at the time that his talk was not original, but if any had complained, he might have replied, as another brother did, naming the preacher from whom he had pilfered, 'Was it not much better to give them his sense than my nonsense?'

A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered, and then the elder preacher, Mr. William Wilson, began to speak to us quite extemporaneously, but so directly and forcibly that all were compelled to listen. He noted the great apostacy which occurred in Paradise, and dwelt on the sin of the first man. He then went on to say, 'He has had many successors, sinners of every age and clime,' and looking round intently upon us all, continued, 'and there are some such sinners here now. When the first man sinned, human folly began, and Adam tried to hide himself from God by cowering behind a tree. What a proof that not only had the heart of man become wicked, but the mind weak!'

Then he asked with great solemnity, 'Are any of us here this evening hiding ourselves from God? If so, let us remember that the first sinner heard the Divine Voice crying in the garden, "Adam, where art thou?" That same voice speaks now, to me, to you, to all, if we have forsaken and are hiding from our Father, God.'

I felt in a moment that the voice of the forsaken Father had reached my ear, that the Divine Hand was knocking loudly at the door of my heart. I often think of the strange commotion those sentences produced within me. I said in my mind, and the effect had been such that the wonder is I did not say it audibly, 'I am wrong, quite wrong. I must turn over a new leaf, and, God helping me, so I will. A changed life shall begin from this moment.' Burning tears fell upon my knee. Whether my companion saw them or not I do not know, but God saw them.

The service ended, and we rose together, and came away. Few words passed between us as we walked home. On reaching another farmhouse by the road side, the occupants of which were known to us, we went in and sat

down. After the conversation had proceeded a while, the farmer's daughter turned to me and said, 'Richard, what is the matter with you this evening, you are so quiet?' Her question was not surprising, for I had generally been the life of the company. What reply was given I do not remember, but I felt that a change of which she knew nothing had taken place in my heart.

I did not make known the new purpose of my life to any one; but soon afterwards, the farmer at whose house the services were held called at my home and wished to speak with me. We met in the farmyard, and went into a barn, which had already become my oratory. What had led him to call I could not say. Had he seen my tears, or had the Good Spirit said to him, 'Go, speak to that young man'? Our conversation related only to what concerns the soul and its redemption. Before we parted, he said, 'My wife and I go to a meeting across the river. Will you come with us this week?' I answered promptly, 'I will.' There was no bridge, and when they attended this meeting, they had to ride across the river on horseback.

A number of people were gathered in the room to which we went. A hymn was sung and prayer offered. Several spoke freely as the Spirit prompted them, and the whole conversation and worship was full of interest to me. On returning home I said to myself, 'This meeting in the middle of the week is just what I need to keep me firm to my sacred purpose. I will join this class.'

I had now taken a decisive step, and must make it known in my home. We had previously known absolutely nothing of the Methodist community, and it was my father's desire that, if I was resolved to join a church, I should join the one where we had been accustomed to worship. This was perfectly natural, and only what might have been expected ; but an inward voice seemed to say that the right thing for me was to cultivate my spiritual nature by adhering to the purpose I had been led deliberately to form.

I did not hesitate. It was not with me a question of churches or creeds, but of the soul's willing response to the Guiding Hand. Like the tribes in the wilderness, I thought I

saw the 'cloud moving before me, and my heart said, 'I will follow.' After this all things seemed so to adjust themselves that I was sure my decision had been right. I found warm hearts and fast friends in the Church I had chosen, and said of it, 'This is my rest for ever. Here will I dwell.'





THE MARKET PLACE, SEDBERGH.

## GETTING INTO HARNESS

**F**EW can imagine what the Kendal circuit then was. Taking Sedbergh as the centre, it stretched out eleven miles to Kendal, and afterwards beyond that, right on to Ambleside; more to the south, it reached out eleven miles to Kirby Lonsdale, and towards Yorkshire sixteen miles to Hawes, now belonging to the Wensleydale Mission.

How I began to speak in public happened in this way. Usually I attended the Methodist chapel at Sedbergh in the morning, and in the evening went to the room where I had made my decision for Christ. One evening no preacher arrived. The people began speaking to one another, and to ask what must be done. Some one turned to me and said, 'Can you not begin the service, and say something to us?' I answered that I could begin, and could give out a hymn, and,



though unable to speak, yet if it were agreeable to them, I would read an extract from a book I happened to have in my pocket. I am almost certain that what I read was the story of the widow's sailor son from Todd's *Simple Sketches*. I soon found that by this single act I had committed myself to calls and engagements of which I had not dreamed.

In early Methodism, during the fierce Calvinistic controversy, the Wesleys were charged with holding and teaching that men are saved by the merit of their own good works. This, though far enough from the truth, arose from their insistence on experimental and practical piety. It was quite true then, and is quite true now, that the Arminian theology, like the theology of Paul, said with emphasis—'Work out your own salvation.' Duty as well as privilege has always been an article in the Methodist creed; and it would be a grand achievement if in the Methodist Church, and in every other, all 'the unemployed' could be made to begin work at once. As John Wesley says, 'Every believer, till he comes to glory, works *for* as well as *from* life.'

## GETTING INTO HARNESS    III

The ministers of the circuit at that time were the Rev. William Arnett and the Rev. Thomas Denham. My first ticket of membership I received from one of them, and still retain; and from Mr. Arnett I also received my commission to preach. In the region round about Sedbergh, when this became known, I had more calls, both on Sunday and week-day, than I could conveniently fulfil. A most gracious work of the Spirit of God had begun in that part of the circuit, a revival of the old-fashioned type. In the adjacent dales—Dent, Garsdale, Cautley, and Fell End—the effects were very striking. Large numbers were gathered into the church, and many of the young men who then joined became very useful in the neighbourhood as well as in other parts of the country.

One week-evening I was requested to go to hold a service in a farmhouse in Ravenstonedale. I went in my everyday farm suit, without any pretensions to anything but the simple beginnings of a youth. The spirit of the revival was in the service from the first. When I began my address all present seemed to be braced up to an extraordinary degree

of religious earnestness, and before I had finished, one person rose from his chair, knelt down upon the floor, and began to pray earnestly for pardon and consolation. Such was the effect that it seemed as if all in the room had begun to pray, each one for himself. Like Jonah's sailors, every one cried to his God.

At another gathering, at Murthwaite, where, I think, no sermon was preached at all, the same divine influence rested on all present. There was no need to ask any one to pray; as soon as one ceased, another began, and all were reluctant for the service to be brought to an end. Great grace rested upon the movement, and in a degree that I have hardly seen equalled throughout my public life.

I now began to take regular work as one of the accredited local preachers whose names were on the circuit plan. This frequently necessitated long walks on the Sunday morning to distant places. To lighten this labour, my father, who now quite approved of my efforts, bought me a small horse suitable for riding. The animal proved a great delight to me, not only for Sunday

journeys, but for week-day recreation. I often went for a gallop round the fields, and horse and rider soon became very expert in leaping a stream that ran across one of them. Itinerants in that day needed to learn to ride.

The father of William Sedgwick—afterwards the Rev. William Sedgwick—owned the farm next to the one where I lived. I knew William from my early childhood. He became a student in the Collegiate Institution at Idle, in Yorkshire, which provided for the training of young men who intended to enter the ministry of what was then called the Independent, but now the Congregational Church. My friend valued the tuition the college afforded, but was not partial to the name it bore—Idle College. When the young men went out for a stroll, the rough Yorkshire lads, who were not overburdened with what I once heard a northern girl call ‘polishment,’ used to call out, ‘The Idle students, the Idle students!’ In process of time this humble beginning developed into the Airedale College, which has sent out excellent men as ministers to both the home and foreign churches. The late Rev. T. Taylor,

B.A., was an early example, and the record of his brief life is a book from which a young minister may profit greatly. The college has had tutors and officers of whom some have attained to enviable distinction in scholastic and literary work, and will be remembered for generations.

During the college vacations the favourite recreation of my friend William Sedgwick was gardening, and I used to run off from home, and spend hours with him in profitable talk, talk that was to me both stimulating and instructive. The conversations were generally confined to educational and religious topics. One conversation, which I now recall, related to the early stages of school and collegiate life, to the work that is rudimental, and often taxing to the mental energies, but, nevertheless, vastly important. I well remember how emphatic he was in insisting that to master all the minutiae at this stage was essential to success ; what are sometimes called the small things in education being the things on which accuracy and thoroughness in the future depend, and by which educated people judge of the presence or lack

of culture in a man. I am sure that conversation stimulated my mental activity and diligence, and led to one belief which has never been relinquished, viz. that *attention* is the real secret of *retention* in the cultivation of memory and mind. This conviction has influenced my mental habits from year to year. The thorough analysis of an obscure sentence ; the verification of a doubtful statement ; the identification of a place on the map ; the correct pronunciation of words—all tend to cultivate eye and ear, to impart tenacity to the memory, and to aid generally in the development of the intellectual powers. When once I had mastered a thought or a thing, I did not need to turn to it again, and have frequently wondered at the reiteration that seemed to be necessary in the case of many with whom I have had to do.

The reading of the foregoing sentence may in some provoke the exclamation—What self-conceit ! No ; God is my witness, it is not self-conceit. All my life, if I know myself at all, I have suffered more from self-depreciation than from self-assertion. If I thought that this reference to my ability to remember with

ease what I had thoroughly mastered savoured of vanity, I should be abashed by the reflection that minds of an order vastly superior to my own have needed patient drilling in early years. A well-known example may be cited, which is said to have occurred at Epworth rectory when the Wesley family was in possession. One day, in giving a lesson to one of her children, the mother was not able to make the little scholar grasp at once what she wanted to teach. She went on repeating until the sharp-tempered rector said, 'Why do you go on repeating the same thing to that child twenty times over?' 'Because nineteen times will not do,' was the quiet reply. To suppose that in boyhood my understanding was at all equal in acuteness to that of the Wesleys would be an impertinence; yet it remains true that such mind as I had was greatly benefited by the habits I have been describing.

About the time that my friend left college, the Independent Churches in the North-West Riding of Yorkshire, in Westmoreland, and elsewhere, were disturbed by discussions on Calvinism, which had long been the creed in

those Churches. The controversy originated in Scotland, where Dr. James Morison and other ministers, Presbyterian and Congregational, demurred to the hyper-Calvinism of the time. It became a question of warm debate also among Dr. Wardlaw's students at the Theological College Hall in Glasgow. William Sedgwick and I often conversed on the subject. He knew more about the controversy than I did. I think I asked him to write to me, and state the exact facts. He did so, and told me the trend of the movement was towards Arminianism, but gave no definite opinion of his own on either side, possibly in deference to my adherence to the Arminian view. We were not antagonistic, but always respectful to each other in the bonds of Christian love.

My friend did not keep closely to pastoral work throughout his after life. Private means enabled him to enjoy periods of rest. For some time he lived at the old residence outside Sedbergh known as Thorns. When and where will our next meeting be?—for he has 'crossed the bar.'



## EARLY INTEREST IN MISSIONS

THE serial literature of the London Missionary Society came to my father's house. These publications, given to weekly and monthly subscribers to the missions, I read with uncommon interest. I still possess one treasured fragment—No. XVIII. of the Monthly Papers. Its title is, 'Fabulous History of the Temple of Juggernaut in the Province of Orissa.' Could a full account of this form of heathen worship possibly be written? It would need to be inscribed in tears and blood. The pictures of the god were hideous enough to fill the mind with loathing and despair. O Jesus, how much this poor world needeth Thee, Thou blessed light and life of men!

I became greatly interested in the London Society's mission in Siberia. The missionary Stallybrass and his associates filled my mind

and heart, and I thought of them as the great moral heroes of the time. Was it not Montgomery who wrote of them?—

Seized with a zeal peculiar, they defy  
The utmost rigour of a northern sky,  
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose  
On icy plains, amid Siberian snows.

Will the seed which those good men sowed be entirely lost? Nothing is lost which God intends to use. When Christ gives the command, repressive legislation, the snows of winter, Russian bears, and all hostile forces will be no match for the gospel of Omnipotent Love.

Some time later my interest in the efforts for the evangelization of the people in the Russian Empire was greatly increased in consequence of a visit paid to my native place by the late Rev. Richard Knill. He had lived in Russia as an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. To me the speech made on the platform was gracious and memorable. One incident mentioned impressed me greatly. Mr. Knill, who had taken deputation work on behalf of the London Missionary Society, told us how on one occasion he devoted his speech chiefly to

an appeal to the young men of the congregation, urging them to give their lives to Christ by work on the Foreign Mission field. The meeting closed, the speaker descended from the platform, and was proceeding down the aisle when a young man met him, to whom Mr. Knill extended his hand with a word of greeting. With considerable diffidence the young man said, 'Sir, I want to give something.' Thinking he had brought a coin for the collection, the minister replied, 'Well, my young friend, what would you like to give?' He little thought what answer was coming. A flush spread over the youthful cheek, tears started from their hidden well, and the young man said, 'I would like to give myself.'

What a contribution! How often in after life have I found that young man's short sentence an aid in my own self-scrutiny, and an argument to be employed in my appeals to others! Have I fully consecrated my own life to the service of God and man? Must the regretful verdict of my own self-judgment be—not always faithful?

My interest in missions did not abate as time went on. On one Sunday morning, a

student from Airedale supplied the pulpit. He had been designated for the work abroad. The text became a rivet between my heart and the young preacher. It was—‘And now, behold, I know that ye all among whom I have gone, preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.’ Some years afterwards, when on a visit to my native place, Mr. John Dorer, who knew the facts, told me that the missionary student was Mr. Scales, who soon afterwards went to a foreign field.

Our Wesleyan mission to the Fiji Islands had then been begun. The first two missionaries were the Rev. David Cargill and the Rev. William Cross, of whom a short biography was written. Sad news of cannibalism and other heathen horrors startled the Churches in England, and revealed the great intrepidity and resourcefulness of the missionaries. As a youth I felt the missionary ardour more deeply kindled in my heart by a short poem entitled, ‘Pity Poor Fiji,’ written by a local preacher, Mr. Knapton<sup>1</sup> of Barnard Castle.

<sup>1</sup> Evidently based on the famous appeal, *Pity Poor Fiji*, written by the Rev. James Watkin.—J. D.

A succession of brave missionaries followed—Williams, Hunt, Calvert, Nettleton, Hazelwood, Wilson, and others. They have furnished the materials for a work which might be written, and which in many features would resemble the first Christian Church History, found in the Acts of the Apostles. Miss Gordon Cumming's book will remain a treasure in the mission literature of the Churches. Have we any better example of the fulfilment of the ancient prediction—'A nation shall be born in a day,' than in the success of this mission in Fiji? How strange and lamentable that relentless bigotry should recently have asserted itself by making a bonfire of Bibles in those now christianized islands!

Our mission work on the West Coast of Africa created in me the profoundest interest. I looked forward with longing to every issue of the Missionary Notices likely to contain journals or letters of the Rev. Thomas Birch Freeman. Freeman made his despatches attractive by descriptions of the natural objects and productions of the country. The forms of natural loveliness were in striking

contrast to the moral degradation of the inhabitants — grinding tyrannies, bloody tribal wars, horrid butcheries of men whose lives God had given, and who died as victims of appalling heathen superstitions. The letters and journals were afterwards printed in book form, with illustrations showing the headless bodies on the ground, torn by vultures and other birds of prey. When will the peaceful gospel of Jesus end the human woes on the 'dark continent'? My greatly valued friend, the Rev. John Martin, was one of the grand pioneers of the mission to Ashanti and the kingdom of Dahomey.

Before I left my early home, I well recollect how, in my father's house, the Rev. William Moister deepened my interest in the work on the West African Coast. He had been infused with the true missionary spirit by his labours in the region of the Gambia. My first knowledge of the work of the American Methodist missionaries was obtained on that memorable afternoon. A student in an American seminary, Melville Cox, was selected to begin the mission, and with him Mr. Moister afterwards became acquainted.

When Cox took leave of one of his college chums, he said—

‘If I die in Africa, you must come out and write my epitaph.’

‘What shall I write?’ asked his friend.

Cox answered, ‘Write, “If a thousand others should fall, let not Africa be given up.”’

With this impulse in the hearts of missionaries, and the daily prayer, ‘Thy kingdom come,’ on the lips of unknown millions of God’s people, what man, claiming to be called a Christian, will perversely despair of the world’s salvation?

The reasons for confidence for the future were never so numerous and assuring as they are to-day. And we find one firm ground of confidence in the missionaries we have and know ; in their profound convictions of duty, the spirit by which they are inspired, their zeal, their untiring labours and perseverance, and their already realized success. They could greatly increase their possessions and ease by entering on secular occupations, but how very few of them have yielded to the temptation ! They will not hand back their commission to

their Great Captain. To those who have retired and found useful occupation in other pursuits, it is not ours to apportion praise or blame, but on the brow of those who stand fast we hesitate not to plant the hero's crown.



## ADMISSION TO THE MINISTRY

AFTER I had been engaged for some time as a lay preacher, it began to be put to me by one and another whether I ought not to devote my life to ministerial work. The conviction grew within me that this might be God's will. When the Rev. James Dunbar became Superintendent of the Circuit, he spoke to me with great seriousness on the subject. Among other things he said: 'If you feel that God is inclining you to take this step, by all means go forward; but if you doubt that it is the way of duty or the will of Christ, you had better devote your life to sweeping chimneys or breaking stones on the road than enter the ministry.'

In the year 1845 I was accepted by the March Quarterly Meeting of the circuit as a

suitable candidate for the Methodist ministry, and I went on to the District Meeting or Synod in the following May. The Synod was held at Whitehaven, and in travelling thither I took the opportunity of exploring portions of the Lake District previously unknown to me. On arriving at Whitehaven I was accommodated at the residence of Mr. Wilson, called The Retreat, where I met with a hearty reception, and found myself in the midst of a pleasant family. When the household was gathered for evening prayers, I was somewhat startled to hear Mr. Wilson read out with emphasis, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.' I hesitate to quote the final clause of the text, for I felt that I had certainly not yet become an angel, whatever the future might have in store for me.

As a local preacher I had taken frequent appointments at Kirby Lonsdale, in the beautiful valley of the Lune, eleven miles from my home. Here, at the house of Mr. Coates, I had met several people, intercourse with whom had proved helpful. Among others was the Rev. Richard Hodgson, M.A., tutor at King's College, London, and evening

lecturer at Cornhill. He had recently published a pamphlet which created some interest among the Wesleyans of that time, entitled, *Wesleyan Methodism Considered in Relation to the Church of England*. I found him free and congenial in manner, and we had several long conversations. When informed that I had been accepted by the District Synod as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, he said: 'You will be required to come to London for the July Examination, and you must call upon me. I know Dr. Bunting and the Rev. John Scott intimately. I shall meet them both at a baptism on my return, and will mention your case to them.' I had an interview with Mr. Hodgson in London, but after that was never privileged to meet him again.

In those days it was usual for the candidates to be lodged during the examination in the homes of the London ministers, and it was my happy lot to be the guest of the Rev. Dr. Beecham, whose residence was in Lloyd Square, Pentonville. Dr. Beecham was a striking personality, sufficiently so to have been ornamental in the House of Lords.

There were other young men besides myself stationed with him, and everything was done to make us feel at home. The Doctor spent most of his time in his library, but the ladies of his family formed delightful society. One grown-up son and his two sisters became, I may say, quite my familiar friends.

The Rev. William Arthur had at that time just returned from his mission in India. I had read with great interest some articles of his in the *Methodist Magazine*, which afterwards appeared as a book of more than common interest and value. On the Sunday morning I expressed a wish to go to Sloane Street Chapel, where Mr. Arthur was appointed to preach. Mr. Beecham, junior, accompanied me. We found the old chapel quite full, and the whole service was very inspiring. The preacher discoursed to us in an able manner on that clause in the Book of the Revelation—‘The Lamb in the midst of the throne.’ Young Mr. Beecham, my companion of that morning, to the regret of many, died early.

As was the custom in those days, the July Committee sat in the Morning Chapel at

City Road. The members of the Committee were placed down the sides of a long table at one end of the room, with the candidates in front of them. Hope and fear were strangely mingled in the minds of the young men, fear doubtless being the predominant feeling, with here and there a touch of some brighter sensation.

A humorous incident that morning gave relief and liveliness to the scene. The members of the Committee, as they arrived, placed their hats on the window sills of the chapel. In one window these hats were piled one upon another to a considerable height. As the oral examination was proceeding, the Rev. Joseph Sutcliffe, M.A., rose from his seat, went to the window, and pulled out his headgear from the bottom row, bringing down a whole mountain of hats to the floor with a tremendous clatter. I saw no regret at this *contretemps* on the faces of any of my companions ; indeed, I half suspect that some of us who were wrestling at the moment with theological subtleties would have been glad to see it repeated. Whether some secret bond of sympathy was that morning created

between the author of the mishap and myself I am not prepared to determine, but I cherished for Mr. Sutcliffe ever afterwards a warm admiration. His light but striking figure impressed me at the time, and in after years I read his publications with care. His *Commentary on the Holy Scriptures* had attractions for me that it seemed not to have for many others : it was scholarly and devout, and such passages as the death of Aaron I felt to be very fine.

Considerable time was given in the examination to oral questions and answers relating to our Wesleyan Standards. I remember well one interrogation that fell to my lot. The Rev. Dr. Alder said to me : 'You say you have read John Wesley's Sermons. Is there not one sermon on the Almost Christian?' 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'Then will you give the Committee an account of Wesley's treatment of his subject in that sermon?' No question could have served me better, for the sermon selected was the one to which I had given more attention and of which I had a fuller knowledge than of any of the rest. Thus favoured

by Providence, I managed to struggle not ingloriously through.

I stood that morning between two Scotsmen—George Findlay and James Wallace. Findlay was sent to the Gold Coast, and soon added one more to the row of missionaries' graves there. The boat on which Wallace sailed for India was wrecked on the Coromandel coast. He was thrown into the sea, and, owing to the effects of a protracted struggle with the angry waters, did not long survive. Two young men, who were guests with me at Dr. Beecham's, became my close associates. Both entered our ministry: James Hargreaves, who found an early grave, and William Shaw, who took high rank and did good work in the Church.

During that year, 1845, when my decision was taken to enter the ministry, I had spent my time at home in studious preparation. There was at the time a dearth of school teaching in Garsdale, and I was urged to undertake the tuition of the boys of several families together during the autumn and winter months. Some of these boys afterwards entered on professional life, and others

became excellent local preachers and workers in the Methodist Church.

I was now an accepted candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and my name stood on the President's List of Reserve. At the beginning of 1846, my work as a teacher was brought to a sudden termination by a summons from the President, the Rev. Jacob Stanley. I preserved that summons for years. It was brief, but the exhortation it contained to include the Epistles of Timothy and Titus in my studies made its own impression.



## MY FIRST CIRCUIT

THE circuit to which I was so suddenly despatched at the beginning of 1846 was Diss in Norfolk, so that, if puns were not almost a discarded form of humour, I might appositely say that my first appointment was a dis-appointment.

Two vacancies had occurred in the ministerial staff—one through the retirement of the junior minister, the other through the death of the Rev. John Griffith. The Rev. Benjamin Frankland supplied the first vacancy, and I took the place of the minister whose work had ended. The Rev. James Aldis, who had spent some time in the West Indies, was the man in charge.

Mr. Frankland and I, being both beginners and about the same age, became firm friends. He was well educated—a Bachelor of Arts of Dublin University. Through his assistance

I was enabled to augment my somewhat slender stock of Latin. As is well known in our Church, he was the author of one or two books, and for some years editor of our magazine and other publications. We enjoyed close intimacy, and the friendship thus formed continued to the end of his life. I sometimes called upon him during his residence at Islington. When, on my last visit, I rose to depart, he said, 'I will walk on with you a little way.' We were greatly interested in certain questions affecting the position and prospects of the Methodist Church. About to part, he said, 'Let us step down this quiet street out of the noise and crowd.' The talk that followed touched closely on what we both felt to be at the heart of all schemes of progress. His last words I well remember. With solemnity and emotion, he asked, 'Oh, my dear friend, what can be done to bring back the divine passion for the souls of men which stirred the hearts of the early Methodists, and which is our prime necessity to-day?'

At the time I went to Diss there were some excellent and interesting people residing

there. Conspicuous among these was a supernumerary minister—the Rev. John Reynolds, a man of stately presence and much culture. As he was living in retirement, I had not many opportunities of intercourse with him. So far as I know, he had all his life given great attention to books and reading. He was the translator of a volume of sermons by Massillon, the great French preacher. One Sunday morning he came to me at the end of the service, and spoke encouraging words, which, to a beginner, are always grateful. Holding my hand in his, and referring to the sermon I had just delivered, he said, ‘Cultivate it.’ In those two words there was at the moment more meaning to me than I have found sometimes in a whole volume on preaching. They implied vastly more than they expressed.

My friend, Mr. Frankland, had apartments in the house of a Mrs. Jay—a very fine old lady, and a class-leader of the old Methodist type—and greatly enjoyed his sojourn under her friendly roof.

A family living at one of the country places were people of good position and more than

usual culture. They were a branch of the Fisons, who lived in an adjoining circuit. Their home was so delightful a country retreat that we were always glad when the appointment to the place in which they dwelt came round. The Rev. Lorimer Fison, editor of the *Melbourne Spectator*, a Methodist weekly in Australia, was of the family.

At that time in the town of Diss there was strong sympathy with the 'Reform Movement' in Methodism, of which the Rev. James Everett was one of the leaders, and when the crisis came quite a number of families seceded from the Methodist Church.

The Baptists were strong in the district, and had many churches. Dr. A. Cox, of Regent's Park College, paid a visit to the town during my stay there, and I heard his sermon with great interest. As a people they impressed me at that time as combative and aggressive, especially in political matters. One week-evening I preached at Eye, a town in Suffolk, and my subject was the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch. Two students from a Baptist college were present, and at the close of the service introduced

themselves, and endeavoured to draw me into a discussion. I had not said one word as to the mode of baptism—in fact, I doubt if at that time the question had engaged much of my attention. I felt no inclination to give battle on so unimportant a topic, though an incident was in my thought which might have turned the laugh upon my interlocutors. Just previously a book had been published entitled *The Confessions of a Convert from Baptism in Water to Baptism with Water*. This book I had read, but probably not mastered. One story I did remember, but it was rather comic than serious, and hardly to be employed in argument either on the side of immersion or sprinkling. It was this. The writer affirmed that at a certain baptism in water the deacons stood by the side of the pastor who performed the ceremony, and that after the immersion one of them stoutly asserted that the tip of the lady's nose had not gone under, and that, therefore, the baptism was invalid.

Another story, provocative of mirth in Diss at that period, I may be pardoned for inserting here. A certain gentleman in the town had married a wife long years his junior. Of

an intellectual turn of mind, her reading habits often kept the lady up late on winter nights, and on retiring she was in the habit of bearing upstairs with her an old-fashioned warming-pan with which to render the sheets less icy. Her husband, it was said, always cried out vigorously for fear of being scorched by the hot metal. Possibly the lady thought she had heard enough of these unnecessary outbursts. At any rate, she carried her pan up one night cold and empty. No sooner had she begun to insert it between the sheets than she was met with the usual, 'Now, my dear, for heaven's sake, take care.' Suddenly the cold pan was pushed full against his side. Then arose a terrible outcry. He screamed piteously, declaring he had been severely burned, when all the while he was none the worse. Who, after such proof to the contrary, will assert that imagination is not the regal faculty in man?

When the month of May arrived, I was summoned to the District Synod at Norwich, where I was charmingly entertained at the house of Mr. Cozens, a relative of the well-known occupant of the bench to-day, Mr.

Justice Cozens-Hardy. The Cozens family was then Wesleyan. This was my first visit to a District Synod after entering the ministry, and sessions, services, and sermons were full of interest. The Chairman of the District was the Rev. Corbett Cooke, a man of striking stature and dimensions. His book on the Apostolical Succession I afterwards made acquaintance with.

The meeting of the Synods may be appropriately called the gathering of the tribes. Such a meeting is not a novelty in Methodism. It has been one of our most important Church courts for many years. The great value of the Synods will be evident to every one who takes time to study our Church system. They tend to conserve the essential principle of our Church—its connexional unity. Our denominational progress has been promoted by the close unity of the pastorate. From the beginning we have stood compactly together; and in recent years our unity and strength have been augmented by the introduction of a just proportion of intelligent and excellent laymen. So far as the clerical element is concerned, the meeting of the Synod is

greatly conducive to true Christian brotherhood. Enforced attendance is an element of strength. The roll call is helpful to godly living, and to unity of belief and pulpit teaching. There is a growing tolerance of individual opinion, but no divergence from catholic truth, such as would make the pulpit a source of schism or of uncertain sounds.

One young man in the District had completed his four years of probation, and had to undergo the usual oral examination. All went well between the catechist and the catechumen until the minor questions relating to drams and tobacco were reached. 'Do you smoke?' queried Mr. Cooke. 'I do, sir,' was the quick reply. 'How is that?' asked the Chairman, for the rules were supposed to forbid the practice. 'What I take, I take as a medicine,' answered the young man. 'Oh, indeed!' rejoined the venerable church dignitary. 'Do you take it in tea, or how do you take it?'

One thing in Norfolk that impressed me was the weak position of Methodism relatively to other forms of Nonconformity. The people I liked, and was treated by them with a kindness



never to be forgotten. The country was almost exclusively agricultural, and to reach the outposts of the circuit necessitated long and frequent drives. My recollection would lead me to say that the farming industry was in a more flourishing condition than has obtained in more recent years.

At the ensuing Conference I parted from Mr. Aldis and my friend Mr. Frankland with great regret, and set my face to the future like Abraham, who went forth into the wilderness, not knowing whither he went. Such was the beginning of my ministerial life.

## FROM DISS TO STOKESLEY

1846-1849

THERE were three ministers and two supernumeraries in the Stokesley circuit when I was sent there at the Conference of 1846. One of my first visits was to the Rev. William Rennison, a portly old supernumerary; intelligent, and a hard reader. He did not preach, but was a lover of good books, and brightened social gatherings by making known their contents to others. My reception from him was very cordial. He said, 'We have had many Martins in our ministerial ranks—William, Robert, Thomas, Charles, and perhaps some others—who have all been of good standing.' Then, looking straight at me, he added, 'See that you do not let down that good name.'

Some quaint things concerning early Methodism in Stokesley were reported to

me during my stay there. The site of the first chapel was pointed out, on which another building now stood. Mr. John Mees, an old member of the Church, was full of recollections. In the old chapel the pulpit stood against the end wall, and immediately above it was a window. On a certain Sunday evening a few prankish young fellows outside climbed one upon the other's shoulders and raised the sash. Then a long arm pushed itself through the window, and snatched the wig from the head of the venerable minister who was conducting the service, much to his discomfort and the amazement of the congregation.

Another minister, in later years, was wont in his discourses to give inordinate expression to the phrase 'in a measure.' A member of the church, a woman of position and influence, died while he was resident in the circuit, and on the Sunday following her death, the minister held a memorial service. The many virtues of the deceased were suitably enlarged upon. When dilating on her last moments, the preacher exclaimed, 'In this devout spirit our dear sister departed, and went to heaven *in a measure*.' Had the

good brother forgotten how John Wesley enjoined his preachers to mind things great and small ?

The Stokesley circuit was a wide one, and I rode to my appointments on horseback, or drove in the Superintendent's gig. Once, on the way to Nunthorpe, where Mrs. Waller resided, and at whose house all the preachers found a hearty welcome, I was somewhat unfortunate. The circuit horse on which I was mounted was not only new, but wild and intractable, having never been properly broken in and trained. As I rode along, a large covered van approached, and when I was directly opposite to it the animal suddenly jumped backward, and in a moment I found myself on the grass at the roadside. The horse galloped at full speed towards Nunthorpe. When I arrived I found that my steed had been captured and stabled at Mrs. Waller's, and, fortunately, neither he nor I was the worse for the adventure.

David J. Waller—now the Rev. Dr. Waller—was then a boy at home, and a devout and attractive youth. In after years he told me that the day of the ministerial visit to his

mother's house was always anticipated by him with gladness, and that often after the departure of their guest, he would steal into the vacated bedroom, and say to himself with reverence, 'This is where the minister has prayed.' High thoughts and sacred resolutions were already taking possession of his mind.

At the back part of the house was a large kitchen in which the services were held. One Sunday evening, a man, much the worse for drink, seeing the front door open, stepped inside, and stood silently, unobserved, but within hearing of the preacher's voice. The preacher read out the hymn beginning with the words—

Woe to the men on earth who dwell  
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,

and was considerably astonished when the voice of the intruder broke the quiet by calling out, 'Woe be to thee, if thou tells any lies !'

One of the villages we visited was Marton, the birthplace of the famous Captain Cook. Any facts that could be gathered about him there greatly interested me, and I learned

many more afterwards at Sydney, in New South Wales.

There was a young man in this village who had just begun to preach, and to whom I was anxious to give assistance in his studies. Whenever I visited the place I used to spend some time with him over his books, and especially in helping him to master English grammar. One day an old man who was the oddity of the village, came into the house. Observing how we were engaged, he began at once to read me a lecture on the impropriety of my conduct. I can recall little of what he said, but the climax was: 'In former days when the minister came here he did not trouble anybody about grammar and such-like things; his object was to kill the devil.' To what extent I profited from the reproof I do not now remember, and perhaps I may leave my readers to judge whether assisting a young man in his education was likely to promote the longevity of Satan.

One place in the circuit to which I was more than usually attracted was Marske-by-the-Sea. There I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Rogers, daughter of the Rev. Samuel

Bradburn, a well-known early Methodist preacher. Her husband was a son of the Rev. James Rogers, who, according to Marshall Claxton's painting, was present at Wesley's death.

It was no small privilege to a young preacher like myself to win the acquaintance of this estimable woman, and I am afraid the distribution of my pastoral visits at Marske was hardly equitable to others when she was at home. She possessed a large stock of Methodist antiquities and curios, which were freely made use of to increase the funds of our Foreign Missionary Society. Her father, Mr. Bradburn, had confined himself to the use of a select proportion of the hymns found in the Collection employed in his time. These he had copied into a separate book, and carried them about with him for use in the pulpit. This volume was one of her interesting relics, and I have wondered often what became of it.

Mrs. Rogers was capable of furnishing wise counsel to a young minister about books, reading, and methods of work, and I appropriated to the full all I could hear and learn.

Any of my provincialisms in pronunciation were referred to with gentleness, and the instruction received was not forgotten. She was a frequent contributor to the current magazines in both prose and verse, and was often kind enough to show me some of her articles in course of preparation.

One day I had just finished reading a most interesting book, entitled, *Settlers and Convicts ; or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods, by An Emigrant Mechanic*. A passage in the book had greatly impressed me. It was a pathetic description of the death of a poor unfortunate girl who had been found, ill and destitute, in a low part of the city of Sydney, called The Rocks. She was discovered by a young Englishman, and supplied with what was necessary for her relief and comfort until the end came, when she was given a grave in the sand outside the city.

I told the story to Mrs. Rogers, and asked if the scene of the girl's death would not make a good subject for one of her poems or sketches. 'No,' she replied ; 'I can only write when the inspiration comes upon me,



and that is often all in a moment. The other day as I walked along the garden path, one of the maids at the other side of the hedge was singing an amorous song. I sat down on a seat, took my pencil, and wrote impromptu some lines which I will show you.'

The lines began thus—

Let others sing of earthly love,  
And swell the melting lay,  
My heart shall soar to things above,  
In holier strains than they,  
My God, in holier strains than they.

To whom should my best thanks be given  
For mercies such as mine?  
Oh, till I see Thy face in heaven,  
I'll sing no love but Thine,  
My God, I'll sing no love but Thine.

Afterwards the full poem appeared in one of the magazines.

In after years I tried for a long time to obtain a copy of the book I have named—*Settlers and Convicts*. No one in England, of whom I inquired, seemed ever to have heard of it. When I went to Australia, I continued the search in Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and found that, though





A SCENE IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

the work was known to old booksellers, no copy was attainable. During a visit to Bathurst, on the other side of the Blue Mountains, I happened to name it one day in a conversation I was having with the Rev. J. Stubbs, a Wesleyan minister. At first he seemed not to know the book, but afterwards he went into his library, and brought out one of the bound volumes of a serial that had been edited by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, in which had been published a summary of the history which had so affected me.

This was something, but not enough, so I still went on ransacking the second-hand bookshops. One bookseller made a record of what I wanted, and said, 'I will do my best to find a copy. The book is very scarce, and there is sharp competition whenever it is offered at an auction.'

Some time elapsed before I went again to the bookseller mentioned. When I entered the shop he called to a young man, and spoke to him words I did not hear. The young man passed for a moment out of sight, and returned, bearing the much-sought treasure. It looked old and shabby—what one would

be disposed to offer threepence or fourpence for at a second-hand bookstall. I asked the price, and the answer was, 'Ten shillings.' 'Surely this is too much,' I remarked. 'No,' answered the bookseller; 'I have known it fetch two pounds at a sale.' I paid the ten shillings gladly, and went home content.

Some time afterwards, in conversing with a friend in Sydney, I named the book and the incident of the poor girl, and said I was curious to find her grave. He said, 'When you come out of the railway station from Stanmore you will notice an old enclosure right before you.'

'I know that well,' I answered; 'and there is a singular old building like a chapel at the entrance gate.'

'Yes,' he replied; 'that is the old Meeting House of the Friends, and in their graveyard no doubt the girl lies buried.'

What strange links of connexion, and of how many kinds, we find in this wide, narrow world!

Lofthouse, in Cleveland, was one of the best country villages in the Stokesley circuit. Not far off stands the old farmhouse where

the Rev. Dr. Robert Newton was born—still a place of interest to Methodist antiquaries. The chapel which I knew was taken down afterwards, and the Newton Memorial Chapel erected on the site of it. There was then a good vigorous Methodism in the village. Like Marton—already mentioned—Lofthouse had its odd and notable character. One day he said in my hearing, ‘It is a good thing when there is a poor preacher at the parish church, for that makes the people come to chapel.’ Was that a breach of the divine precept—‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself’?

This W. A. was noted for his constant attendance on the ordinances. In winter the week-evening services were held in the schoolroom, and he was accustomed to take his place on the front bench immediately before the preacher. One evening, before beginning his sermon, the minister appointed said, ‘In this cold season there is a great disposition on the part of the people to cough. Now, I must ask you not to cough during my sermon, or I shall not be able to preach.’ For some time mind seemed to maintain full

authority over matter, and no one coughed. Gradually, however, the admonition was forgotten, and there was heard here, there, and everywhere, all over the room, the disturbing sound. The preacher paused, and said, 'Did I not ask you not to cough?' W. A. replied, loud enough for all to hear, 'But what must folk dea when they can't help't?' 'They *must* help it,' was the reply. 'You ought not to cough when I am preaching.' W. A. was quite equal to the occasion, and cried out in tones witheringly sarcastic, 'Praechin'—praechin'. What! De ye call that praechin'?' Such a retort hardly contributed either to the complacency of the preacher or to the composure of the devout people who had come to worship.

The Rev. William Toase, well known for his work among the French prisoners, and also for the service he rendered our Church in Paris, and other parts of France, came on a visit to Lofthouse just at the time of this occurrence, and I remember his telling me how, on a solitary walk, he could not refrain from breaking into loud laughter when this encounter between W. A. and the preacher

was brought vividly to his mind. Mr. Toase was well informed, and pleasantly communicative, and from him I obtained my first knowledge of the work of the Methodist Church in France.

Guisborough, where we had many nice people, was the place of second importance in the circuit. The Ord family were at that time prominent members of the congregation. Their son Richard, who was not living at home, I never saw. I think he was then engaged in writing the *History of Cleveland*—a work that secured much attention at the time of its publication.

Skelton and Stanghow were both included in the range of our ministrations. A new young squire had at that time come into possession at Skelton Castle. Soon after his arrival, he was walking from church on a Sunday morning, and heard the clergyman say to an old woman, 'Well, Betty, how did you like the sermon?' Before the old woman had time to reply, the young squire asked, 'Oh, Mr. —, did you make that sermon yourself?' 'I did,' was the proud reply. 'Then, pray, never make another,' was the



profane rejoinder. 'You can buy very much better ones for threepence or fourpence a-piece in London.'

Ayton was only a short distance from Stokesley. There the Society of Friends had a good school. The head master was a member of our Church, and so was Miss Haigh, the mistress of the girls' department. I met this lady some years afterwards. Referring to the services in the little chapel, and to the pleasant intercourse of the past, she said, 'I remember that one week-evening when you came to take the service the ground was very slippery with snow and ice. As we left the house to go to the chapel you remarked that the text on such an evening ought to be, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," but the sermon was not forthcoming.'

It was at Ayton that I saw for the first time the Rev. Paxton Hood, and heard him preach on a Sunday morning in the Congregational church. The discourse was based on a portion of the intercessory prayer offered by the Redeemer before He died for men. He was an able man, but his life afterwards seemed to be very chequered. The

books he wrote were numerous and well known.

Brotton, then a small village not far from Skelton, was a place not without interest. My particular friends there were nearly related to the three brothers so well known in Methodism—Samuel, Thomas, and Robert Jackson. I remember how, one sabbath evening, while I was addressing the congregation there, a man knelt down in his pew, and began to pray loudly and earnestly for the pardon of his sins.

Bilsdale, one of the beautiful Yorkshire valleys, was also in the circuit. The property round about belonged to the estate of Lord Faversham. His lordship had allowed a preaching-place to be erected, and the society formed there was exceedingly prosperous. One family, possessed of ample means, provided a delightful home for the ministers, and supported the work with commendable generosity. Two of the sisters—Mrs. Chapman and Miss Hogart—lived afterwards for some years in Stokesley, and gave financial strength to the cause there. Miss Hogart has recently been taken to her everlasting rest.

Another outpost of this wide circuit was Swainby. Resident near here was the Greenhill family, who afterwards removed to Belfast. They were choice people, and friends whom I can never forget. My first visit to Swainby was marked by a somewhat comical incident. I rode on horseback, and the kind people sent a guide to meet me, known as Old Matthew, and totally blind. He came to show me the way, and did it as well as if he had possessed two pairs of eyes. Two farmers in Swainby were prominent in Church work—Mr. Kitching and Mr. Nelson. In their homes I often found a quiet resting-place after the toils of the day. On or about the last visit I made to Swainby before leaving the circuit, Miss Hogart of Bilsdale drove my dear friend, James Nelson, and myself to Rievaulx Abbey, where we spent a delightful afternoon, little dreaming how soon one of us was to be taken. In my next circuit I received the last letter I ever had from my friend James, and shortly afterwards he crossed the narrow sea of death.

In the town of Stokesley itself there were some estimable people, among them the Braithwaite family, whose home was an open

house to all ministers and godly people. Philip, their son, still survives, a Justice of the Peace, and frequent circuit steward. Mr. John Slater Pratt carried on important printing works, affording employment to a number of people. It was in his house that I first saw the book spoken of in the previous pages—*Settlers and Convicts*.

Two young men were here my choice companions—Henry Burton, known afterwards as a devoted Methodist minister, and Thomas Featherstone, subsequently vicar of North Shields. They had a friend also whom I was afterwards well acquainted with. One evening, on returning from a service in the country, I took my horse to a stable in the chapel yard. It was rather late, and I was surprised to see a light and to hear voices in the schoolroom. Judge of my delight when I learned that the young man just mentioned was lingering in the vestry, an earnest seeker after God.

I have named the Rev. William Rennison as one of the first to greet me. His bosom friend was the Rev. Mr. Todd, incumbent of Kildale. They seemed almost inseparable.

Both men of intelligence and warm sympathies, their society was of marked advantage to me. I remember that in my early morning walks I was in the habit of taking a book to read. One morning I was engaged on a volume of Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, and met Mr. Rennison and Mr. Todd outside the town. Mr. Todd, as I drew near, cried, 'Here comes the Peripatetic!'—an appellation that served as my soubriquet with them ever afterwards.

I must not forget to mention the Mees family, active workers in the church, who had resided for some time in France. They were good French scholars, and could converse very intelligently concerning French literature. It was through them that I made my first acquaintance with Chateaubriand, whose writings I greatly enjoyed.

The late William Mewburn, Esq., was a native of Stokesley. I made his acquaintance first at Halifax. Our chief intercourse in subsequent years was when we met at Conference time, and talked over the old places and the old times. At one Conference he told me of a movement that was being made for the

erection of a new church at Stokesley. He had the site in his mind, and said, 'If you are going to Stokesley, I wish you would go soon, and report to me what you think of the scheme.' I believe the church was to be entirely at his cost, and a new manse followed.

One incident in the Stokesley pulpit, at a Sunday morning service, I feel to be memorable. The first lesson for the day was Gen. xlv., beginning, 'Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.' I read on—a verse or two—then there was silence, for the fountains of the great deep were broken up;

it was the silence of tears. One lady stood up, and said to the minister's wife, sitting in the next pew, 'Oh! Mr. Martin is taken ill.' There was no reply, for the emotion of the pulpit had extended to the pews. Next day I heard that the counterpart of this scene was enacted in the parish church close by, and at the same hour. No harm was done in either case. It might be an aid to both attention and devotion. No doubt the feeling in both cases was spontaneous and irresistible. There is no indignity in heartfelt emotion. Did not Homer's heroes sometimes weep? Has not Lange, the great German, written, 'There is blessedness in tears. That heart must be truly wretched that has never wept'? And is it not written of the Divine Sympathizer—Jesus wept?

In prosecuting my pastoral work, I paid many visits to the house of a local preacher, whose son, about twenty years of age, a victim of consumption, was hurried to an early grave. He had not known the consolations of religion before his affliction began. Like Lydia of Thyatira, 'whose heart the Lord opened,' he began to 'attend to the things which were

spoken.' He hailed my ministrations to him with gladness. The farewell visit to that death-chamber cannot be forgotten. When I was about to leave, he whispered to his mother words which I did not hear. She leaned forward and kissed him ; his sister did the same. It did not occur to me that I was desired to follow their example. After the then flickering flame of life had gone out, I called to console the bereaved, and was told that he had wished to give to me a kiss as a last token of his gratitude and love. I remember reading, possibly in the late Rev. Dr. Mackennal's book, the remark that the sick are often very sensitive. If the minister in visitation stands far off, and avoids all contact, it may chill the mind or feeling of the sick sufferer. The example of Christ's healing touch in the miracles recorded in the Gospels may instruct us in many ways.

There were three young Congregational ministers located in three different places in the circuit, whom I knew. Our intercourse made life pleasant, and was conducive to an augmented interest in our work. One Sunday the Rev. Dr. Massie of London appeared in



each of their congregations in turn. It was whispered that there were known reasons for the visitation. The churches were inspected ; were they also suspected ? Nothing happened, and no one complained. Now a day school receives surprise visits from inspectors, and even fire brigades are suddenly startled. This may conduce to discipline and order. In our Methodist Church we are not free from alarms. Peeping circuit stewards, on the look-out for a new minister, drop into a church without notice. I heard of a case in a Yorkshire town. The minister to be judged had to take two services in two different chapels. Having heard him in the morning, the stewards made their way to the other chapel in the evening. The preacher was there, and so also was his morning sermon, on which the stewards had been meditating for six hours. The preacher was a wise man. He economized his own time and labour, and relieved the stewards of the toil of a long twofold report. Scotch broth is said to be all the better when warmed up a second time ; possibly sermons are the same. My hope is the stewards received much good, and went home satisfied.

When the time drew near for leaving the circuit, I seemed to cling closer than ever to the people I had for three years known and loved. A few days before my departure a gathering of friends was arranged. They came from Stokesley, Guisborough, and other places, and we met on that well-known Cleveland eminence, Roseberry Topping. I seem to see the forms and faces of that gathering now. When the parting hour came, we knelt down on the grass of the hillside, and invoked the benediction and guardianship of God in all our future journeyings. Then we united in singing the simple hymn—

Where'er I go, I'll tell the story  
Of the cross ;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the cross.  
And thus my constant theme shall be  
Through time, and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me,  
On the cross.

I wonder if the cross, in such close vision as we sung that parting hymn, was kept in view in all my future pulpit utterances? One of the great fathers, a powerful preacher, was

once asked what was the secret of his might. He pointed to an image of Christ on the cross, and answered, 'That dictates all my words.' If I have ever forgotten this, may I be forgiven.

## FROM STOKESLEY TO ABERDEEN

1849-1851

FROM the Cleveland dales I had to make my way at the behest of Conference to the north of Scotland. My colleagues in the Aberdeen circuit were the Rev. Peter Samuel, Superintendent, and the Rev. Samuel McAulay. Mr. Samuel was a native of Edinburgh, but had been for some years a missionary in Jamaica. His book on Jamaica and its missions was written while we were together. Its illustrations were the work of his own pencil. I read the proof-sheets, and had a better understanding of our work in the West Indies from that time.

In giving an account of his early life and conversion, Mr. Samuel informed me that the first active Christian work in which he

engaged was that of tract distribution. One Sunday, in going his round, he found some young men standing at the entrance to a narrow passage. They said, 'You will find some houses up this wynd.' When he had knocked at one or two doors, he went forward to another, which stood still further from the public street. No sooner had he lifted his hand to knock than he found that, owing to some mysterious influence, he was quite unable to do so; his arm refused to obey the impulse of his will. He stood for some minutes in mute surprise, and then walked quietly away. On making inquiry afterwards, he ascertained that the two notorious murderers and body-snatchers, Burke and Hare, lived in this very house. The history of their doings in a printed book furnished the most ghastly reading I ever perused.

The Methodist Church in Aberdeen had been greatly depleted by the Reform Agitation; not a few of its members having seceded or been expelled. There were four congregations and societies in the circuit, and three of the sanctuaries we occupied were places formally consecrated. They had

belonged previously to the Episcopal Church ; they were Long Acre—in Aberdeen itself—Peterhead, and Stonehaven.

In Peterhead, where I resided on first entering the circuit, the Society was fairly prosperous. At Stonehaven the public services were maintained by a young local preacher, who ministered there twice every Sunday, with only about four or five exceptions, during the year. For this Mr. Fife I had great admiration ; but the Society there may be described as non-progressive, and some years later the chapel was closed.

At Peterhead the people were largely engaged in fish-curing. One gentleman, Captain Robert Martin, had been a very successful whaler. After Sir John Franklin and his party were lost in their search for a North-West Passage, Lady Franklin came to Peterhead to consult Captain Martin as to any facts he might have at his command, or any measures he might be able to suggest that would be likely to furnish a clue to the fate of the heroic sufferers. One of the daughters of Mr. Martin became the wife of the Rev. James Chalmers, M.A., and another

was married to the Rev. Henry J. Pope, now Dr. Henry J. Pope. I had apartments, during my stay at Peterhead, with a family belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, the youngest daughter of which afterwards became wife to the Rev. William Mearns.

In our Church at Peterhead at that time, a young man, named James Turner, was an earnest worker, and afterwards produced most remarkable effects by his labours among the fishermen on the coast further north, where Methodism had not been previously known. He died early, but his life-work was a great success, and found record in a biography, *James Turner ; or, How to Reach the Masses*, by Mrs. E. McHardie, the wife of a Presbyterian minister.

Turner had a forcible, arrestive style of speech. One evening after dark, as we walked together along the street, the door of a blazing drink-shop was thrust violently open, and two men, surrounded by other revellers, began to fight with savage ferocity. Turner looked at me, and exclaimed, 'Ah, sir, that Satan is an awful devil!' In such sentences he often spoke with a solemn

earnestness that compelled the most careless to think and feel.

It was shortly after I left Peterhead that he began to make evangelistic tours among the fishermen further north, when a great awakening took place. The work was permanent at Buckie, Port Gordon, Portessie, and elsewhere, and its results are included in what is now the North of Scotland Mission. George Turner, a younger brother of James, was an equally devoted servant of Christ, and was also taken in early manhood from the toil of life to the rest of eternity.

During my residence there, Peterhead was the scene of a dreadful visitation of cholera. The air was filled with farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead. Processions to the graveyard passed my window every day—almost every hour. One case made a great impression on me. It was that of a young woman, a member of our church, and, in company with my friend James Turner, I went to visit her. She was perfectly calm, and, when asked if she had any fear of the end, turned upon us a face radiant with divine light, and said, ‘Ay, no, I have no



fear of death. It is only sin I am afraid of.'  
We left the house saying in our hearts—

They who have seen Thy peace in death  
No more need fear to die.

Among the people of my charge some were in much need of help and sympathy. One, a poor widow living in a single room, I do not wish ever to forget. I was summoned early one forenoon to visit the lowly abode. The room was almost destitute of furniture. Her husband had been dead for some years, and the widow had just received intelligence that morning that her youngest and last surviving son had been lost among the icebergs of the Polar Seas. When I entered she sat on a stool, swaying to and fro in her deep grief. Not a word was spoken, for her soul seemed like an ocean chafed with storms. I was so stricken by the spectacle that for a time my heart could find no utterance. She broke the silence by turning towards me, and exclaiming, with almost passionate emotion, 'Oh, sir, I have nothing left now but God!' I looked at her with sorrow and admiration, and said to myself, 'Here is a rich poor widow indeed!'

## FROM STOKESLEY TO ABERDEEN 175

The Rev. Robert Haworth had been my predecessor at Peterhead. He married a choice lady, who proved an admirable helpmeet to him in his circuits afterwards. She was one of the daughters of Captain Vollum, of Clark Hill. Her elder sister, then in declining health, was a fine example of womanly Christian character.

Mr. James Chalmers and I were almost daily companions. We read together, and he preached in the church occasionally on the sabbath. He was an excellent young fellow, with a spirit as gentle as the summer breeze. We often went into the country together on visits to a family of our acquaintance, some of whom were Methodists, while others were members of the Free Church. On one of these walks we were drawn to call at some cottages. In one we found two aged women seated close by the fire, and had an interesting talk with them about the best things. In the utterances of one of them it was easy to detect a strain of Calvinistic thought. After we had conversed awhile, she said, 'I am a sinner, I am a sinner; a' my thoughts are sin.' Chalmers turned

towards her, and asked gently, 'Do you ever think of Jesus?' She replied, 'Ay, to be sure I do.' He answered, 'How, then, can you say that all your thoughts are sin?' This creed prevailed widely at the time, but was often associated with very genuine piety.

On one occasion, a meeting was held in Peterhead for the promotion of foreign missions. That saintly minister, the Rev. Robert McCheyne, came as deputation. In the stage coach from Aberdeen he had as companions two ladies. When they alighted at the end of the journey, he remarked, 'I am going to a meeting in aid of the Foreign Missions of the Free Church of Scotland, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there.' 'Oh dear, no,' was the reply. 'We are the daughters of a bishop.' 'Well, ladies,' answered Mr. McCheyne, 'you may come there, surely, for you will meet the daughters of the King.'

The clergy in Peterhead were evangelical and friendly, but there was not among them much social intercourse. James Chalmers told me one day how two ladies belonging to different Churches met at his father's

house. In the course of conversation, one said to the other, 'I like our minister better than yours, for yours often leaves us uncertain about the future ; but ours gets us all to heaven at the last.' Who can say which of the two was to be preferred ?

The minister of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Rorison, was, so far as I remember, the most attractive preacher in the town. He afterwards became distinguished as a scholar, and gained some prominence in his Church. Before I went to Peterhead, there had been a terrible storm on the coast, and great loss of life among the fishermen. Mr. Rorison preached a sermon, which was afterwards published. I remember reading it with admiration. The text was, 'And there was not a house in which there was not one dead.'

At the end of two years I removed to Inverurie, near Aberdeen, but still in the same circuit. A young minister had always resided there, and I was invited to take the place. For a young preacher the demands of the pulpit were somewhat exacting at Peterhead. By the change I secured more time for reading and general study. My

home was in the family of Mr. Alexander Davidson, where I enjoyed every happiness. Mr. Davidson was a staunch supporter of our Church, and he and his family begot in me a strong attachment. One son, Robert, after passing through Aberdeen University, became a teacher at Kingswood School, and afterwards a capable minister of our Church. Like myself, he is still a pilgrim on the earth. Charles, the youngest son, graduated with distinction at Aberdeen, and became one of the most prosperous and prominent men in the city. Roundhay, where he lived, is still the home of his family.

My most intimate friend in Inverurie was the Rev. John Miller, Congregational minister, and brother-in-law to the distinguished Dr. Bruce, for many years Congregational minister at Huddersfield. Dr. Bruce himself I knew from the time of his being an Aberdeen student. Mr. Miller was active as local secretary for the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose chief supporter in the neighbourhood was a Mr. Cruikshank, a member of the Society of Friends. Mr. Cruikshank always presided at the annual Bible Society

meeting, and, true to Quaker principles, did not call on any one to open with prayer. The formula with which he began was : 'I will read a portion of Scripture,' and, looking towards the secretary, he would add, 'and then, John Miller, thou can do as thou feelest inclined.' And John Miller always felt inclined to pray.

A parish minister, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who was a strong Calvinist, used to banter Mr. Cruikshank about his Quaker principles. On one occasion the two met at some public function, and the minister opened the usual encounter by asking, loud enough for those around to hear, 'Well, Mr. Cruikshank, did the Spirit move you to come among us to-day?' To which the sedate gentleman retorted, 'Really, I cannot say ; but wast thou predestinated to be here ?'

There are times when our moods are such that we can see nothing but the sombre side of life ; this earth where we now dwell is spoken and thought of as only a dreary desert world ; we forget what has been written by moralists and poets about gems buried in the ocean, and the unseen flowers

of the desert ; and yet beauty and excellence can be found, but we need to seek them with the eye of love.

I had not been long at Inverurie when I became intimately acquainted with a little circle of loved and trusted friends belonging to different churches. James Masson, whose home was at Kintore, was one of that group. He was a teacher in Port Elphinstone school. At that time his plans for the future had not matured. Educational work of some kind was the object of attraction, and Scotland affords facilities in this direction which some other parts of the empire may covet.

Sometimes my friend came to my apartments, and in the gloaming of summer evenings our walks and talks were delightful. Books, learning, and yet diviner things were our topics, and those remembered hours still add to the happiness of my last years on earth.

After I left Scotland, my friend paid me one visit, but our meetings were few. For some time after his University course was completed, he was engaged in teaching at a public school. After ordination, he settled in

the city of Aberdeen as minister of one of the Free Presbyterian churches, and had only one change of pastorate for a shorter period towards the end of life. Being well known to Dr. Davidson, he used to meet at Roundhay our English Methodist ministers, Dr. Jenkins and others, and kept up his knowledge of our Church life and work.

On the occasion of my last visit to Scotland, we met at Stirling more than once, where he lived in retirement to the end of life. Part of one day we spent at Dunblane, and talked over its events of religious and historic interest. In the old cathedral the hour spent was solemnly profitable. The time for our last good-bye soon came. Together with Mrs. Masson we devoted the evening hours of that day to a review of life: our first meeting; God's providential care; the blessed dawnings of the divine life in our early years; work for the Master in His Church. This was the perfection of our Methodist class-meeting life, which to me had been the essence of the communion of saints since I first knew the Saviour. With burning hearts we said, like the two disciples after their talk with



Jesus, 'It is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' We knelt down, and tried with firm grasp to take hold of divine omnipotence while we prayed, 'Lord, abide with us until we leave these shores of time!'

At Inverurie I also formed a close intimacy with John Hutcheon, an intimacy that lasted as long as my dear friend lived. In Aberdeen he came under the influence of the Rev. George Scott, formerly of Stockholm, and was brought to a knowledge of Christ and God. He told me that in his earnestness to find the divine peace, he would pull out his New Testament, while walking to his lodgings at night along the streets of Aberdeen, and under the light of a gas-lamp seek for the way of life. He studied afterwards at Aberdeen University, took his M.A. degree, and was sent as a Wesleyan missionary to India. He became engaged to Miss Wilson, daughter of Mr. David Wilson, of Aberdeen. In due course the time arrived for the young lady to leave for India. The Rev. John Drake was then Superintendent in Aberdeen, and Chairman of the Scottish District. He was said to possess that strange faculty

sometimes called second sight. Some weeks after Miss Wilson's departure, he went into her father's house one day, and said, 'You may be quite content now about Jessie ; she landed in India yesterday at such an hour.' When letters arrived, this statement was found to be quite accurate.

The Rev. John Hutcheon's life was a consecrated one. At home, at the University, in India, and in circuit life in England, he was a calm and genial spirit. As a teacher in the Sunday school the influence he exerted was a boon to the younger minds in his class, and must have produced effects which will be felt for ever. One Sunday afternoon, when the school had closed, I remained with the officers and teachers for a season of communion and prayer. The effect produced on my mind and heart could not be forgotten. I asked my young friend, John Hutcheon, to select a hymn and offer prayer. The hymn he announced had not arrested my attention before—

Jesus, in whom the weary find  
Their late, but permanent repose,

It became to me ever afterwards an aid

to holy thought and aspiration. I doubt whether the highest estimate of the man could be formed from his pulpit utterances only. In the nearer intercourse of personal fellowship the sacred force of his inner life was fully revealed.

Mr. David Wilson was one of the most prominent and active workers in Aberdeen Methodism. His house was always open to the ministers of his Church, and a place of resort for the Methodist students at the University. He was the manager of a successful Sunday school at Dinburn, where many poor children were cared for. Help was often extended to the necessitous, and the feet of many guided into the way of peace.

One case of a poor boy I well remember, which Mr. Wilson possibly published. The boy's home was a home of poverty. The influence of the school affected him in many ways, and, best of all, the divine light entered his understanding, and his heart longed for and found rest in God. He confessed Christ as his Master and Saviour, and exhibited in his life the blessed possibility of boyhood

religion. His health declined perceptibly, and no restoration seemed possible ; but while his hold on this world relaxed, the hope of immortality brightened in his heart. When his last hour approached, and his feet began to touch the chill waters of death, he said—

‘ Mother, bring me the Bible that was given me at the Sunday school.’

The Bible was brought, and she sat down beside him.

‘ Mother,’ he said again, ‘ I am getting blind ; I cannot see. Find me in the Epistle to the Romans the eighth chapter and the thirty-fifth verse. Have you found it ? ’

‘ Yes,’ was the reply.

‘ Then put my fingers on the words.’

Her heart was smitten with an emotion which tears alone could express. With trembling hand she took the frail hand of her boy. He said—

‘ Are my fingers on the words, “ Who can separate us from the love of Christ ? ” ’

‘ They are,’ was the tender reply.

Such was the final parting here. What, oh what, the greeting when the day-dawn

came, and the blindness and shadows of mortality were for ever left behind !

At one of the May Synods, during my residence in Scotland, I was the guest of the late Rev. George Steward. He had a charming house, made attractive by wealth and taste. To listen to his talk was a great treat, and his prayers at family worship have dwelt as a treasure in my memory through all the intervening years. In one conversation touching on Calvinism in Scotland, he remarked, 'It cannot remain. The reaction is sure to come.'

I have lived to see the sterner features of that creed greatly modified, and Methodism, I feel convinced, has had some share in the work : for when in recent years I have expressed some doubt to Scottish Presbyterians as to whether it was a wise policy on the part of the Conference to keep our men and churches there, the invariable answer has been, 'You cannot withdraw ; you have your place and use and power, and it would be a loss to Scotland if you were to withdraw.'

An elderly minister of the Free Kirk in Aberdeen, though a good and kindly man,

had gained such a reputation owing to the terrors with which he clothed his sermons that the profane had nicknamed him 'Fire and Brimstone.' It was said that a young commercial traveller came to the city one day, and in urging his goods upon a tradesman, asked, among other things, 'Do you want any brimstone?' The reply was in the negative; but a wag in the shop said, 'If you call on Mr. ——' (giving the name and address of the fiery preacher), 'you will be sure to receive an order, for he deals very largely in that article.' The young man went; but whether his reception was as remunerative as he anticipated is not recorded.

The predecessor in Aberdeen of the Rev. Peter Samuel was the Rev. Dr. Scott, whom I have named already, and who was highly esteemed in both the city and the circuit. He had but recently returned from Stockholm, where an attempt was made to establish a Methodist church under the care of the British Conference. Lord Blomfield, a man of decidedly religious spirit and of wide sympathies, was the British Representative at the Swedish Court, and heartily supported

the Methodist enterprise. The work made progress for some time ; but the established Lutheran Church was hostile, and the Wesleyan agents were ultimately withdrawn. This is one of the very few positions in a foreign field from which we have had to retire. But the seed was sown, and after many days sprang up, and produced a fruitful harvest. When a call for the renewal of the work came, the agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America entered the open door, and God has prospered their endeavours. In Sweden, Norway, and Denmark there is now a progressive Church, and a Scandinavian Conference has been organized. When the New Testament, energized by the divine Spirit of God, is the mainspring of a religious system, even if repressed at the beginning by adverse influences, it may be expected to reassert itself, because the New Testament is a supernatural book, divinely inspired and inspiring.

Not being resident in the city, I had not much intercourse with the people, or with the students of the University, beyond those who belonged to our Long Acre Church. Dr.

Mackintosh, one of the medical lecturers, was a worshipper, and, I think, a member of the Church at that time. The Methodist students I knew very well.

In the city of Aberdeen two Episcopal Churches, English and Scottish, were represented. Dr. Skinner was the Scottish Episcopal bishop; Sir W. Dunbar and the Rev. Mr. Walker the ministers of the English congregation. They seemed to hold no official relation to each other. I first met the ministers of the English congregation at the house of Miss Bicknell, who lived in Aberdeen, and was a daughter of the Rev. John Bicknell, a Wesleyan minister, then residing in London. The two clergymen were decidedly evangelical and cordial in spirit.

In the Rev. Dr. Simpson, minister of the Free Presbyterian Church of Kintore, I found a cultivated and congenial friend. Our exchange of pulpits was to me very welcome, and as a young minister I found it a pleasant relief.

I used to hear much in Aberdeen of the Rev. Dr. Kidd, one of the University Professors. He was a friend of the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, the Wesleyan scholar and



commentator. While Dr. Clarke lived at Lerwick, the Shetland boat was accustomed to call at Aberdeen on its way to Edinburgh. One day Dr. Kidd was met in Union Street by a friend, who said to him—

‘You seem in great haste, Doctor.’

‘I am,’ was the reply. ‘The Shetland boat has come in with Dr. Clarke on board. I may well be in haste, or I may miss seeing one of the greatest men in all the world.’

The two men were friends as ministers of religion and as scholars, but were not always agreed in opinion. When Dr. Clarke’s views on the Eternal Sonship of Christ found expression in his commentary, Dr. Kidd replied in a book. In my youth a local preacher—Mr. Stephen Brunskill—wrote a pamphlet in opposition to Dr. Clarke’s view. That pamphlet and the question in debate created considerable interest in the locality near my home.

Just at the time of my going to Aberdeen two young Methodists—Mr. George Knight and Mr. John Howie—removed. Mr. Knight became a successful man of business in London, and is now a chief supporter of the Mission of the United Methodist Free Church

## FROM STOKESLEY TO ABERDEEN 191

in Bermondsey. He is my neighbour also, and the friend of my old age. Mr. Howie entered the ministry of the Congregational Church of South Australia, and is still living in Adelaide.

On one or two occasions I met an aged minister of the Presbyterian Churches outside the city. I was greatly impressed by his devoutness and catholicity. He told me that one evening, while a student at the University, he observed that the Methodist Church, which stood not far from Marischal College, was lighted up at a very late hour. On entering it, he found that the customary Watchnight Service, intended for taking leave of the old and for welcoming the New Year, was being held. Everything spoke of deep devotional feeling and subdued solemnity. The hymns, the prayers, the Scripture lesson, the word spoken, all tended to create a hallowing atmosphere. 'To me,' the minister said, 'the whole service was so solemnly real that I was greatly affected, and the impression has never passed away.'

Some time after I learned that this venerable man, on a Sunday morning, when ready

for his pulpit, said to his daughter, 'I will walk round the garden before we start.' The hour of service being near, his daughter went to call him. She found him reclining on a garden seat; but only the breathless mortal body: the soul had fled.

In our English Liturgy is the well-known petition, 'From battle, from murder, and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us!' But does not this prayer imply or suggest that it is offered on behalf of those who may not be watching and ready? 'Not taken by surprise' helps us to the real meaning. No doubt this aged servant of Jesus Christ was ready. He knew no mortal terror, he felt no pains of death; but was translated from sabbath morning peace and blessedness to the upper and eternal calm. 'Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching. And if He shall come in the second watch, and if in the third, and find them so, blessed are those servants.'

Oh, if my Lord should count me meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly swiftly through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terror as she passed.

## FROM ABERDEEN TO SHOTLEY BRIDGE

1851-1854

**S**HOTLEY BRIDGE was a wide circuit, and had then only two ministers. The membership in Shotley Bridge itself, as well as in other parts of the circuit, had been seriously diminished through the agitation for ecclesiastical reform which distracted the Methodist Connexion in 1849 and for several years afterwards.

My superintendent for the first year was the Rev. John Bissell—a man of wide reading, who had formerly been on the mission field. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Pearson, also a returned missionary, who had laboured for some years in the Bahama Islands. His wife was from the West Indies—a woman of gentle manners and very fine spirit. Mr. Pearson had done good work

abroad, and was still devoted in heart to the interests of the islands where he had laboured. The long journeys we had to take in this cold region were very trying to him after his experience of sunnier lands abroad. He and I were close friends, and our association in ministerial work contributed greatly to the happiness of both of us.

My predecessor in the circuit had been the Rev. Thomas M Cullagh, fellowship with whom, on his return visits, I found to be extremely agreeable. One or two incidents he related to me were of a lively character.

On one occasion as Mr. M'Cullagh was driving from Hexham to Shotley Bridge he met an Irish vagrant on the road, who made an urgent appeal for alms. Said Mr. M'Cullagh—

‘Where do you come from?’

‘I am a native of Newcastle, your Riverence.’

‘I was about to give you something because you are a fellow-countryman of mine,’ answered Mr. M'Cullagh; ‘but now that you have told me a lie, I will give you nothing. You are not a native of Newcastle.’

‘Sure, and your Reverence,’ answered Pat at once, ‘I have been a native of Newcastle for the last thirteen years.’

During Mr. M‘Cullagh’s residence in the circuit, services were begun at Annfield Plain—a growing colliery village. These services were held in a large room, on the Sunday afternoon, and to serve as a reading-desk a book-rest was fixed to the back of a chair. One Sunday afternoon Mr. M‘Cullagh was the preacher, and the room was crowded. A lively brother, always aglow in his devotions, and ever ready to respond, sat on the chair. All went well until the preacher reached the end of the psalm which was read as a lesson. The concluding words of the psalm were : ‘The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended,’ and no sooner were they uttered than the devout worshipper on the chair responded with great emphasis, ‘Praise the Lord.’

Lanchester was a place of more than ordinary interest in the circuit. The clergyman of the village, the Rev. Mr. Fanshaw, was an excellent preacher, and greatly beloved. His curate was the Rev. Wesley Farrar, B.A. Whenever I went there I was entertained at

the house of Mr. Innes, brother of one of our missionaries in New Zealand. It was the custom to invite Mr. Farrar to tea on these occasions, which added greatly to the enjoyment of my visits. The father of the curate was the Rev. Abraham E. Farrar, one of our ministers, and a man of fine presence and good style both in the pulpit and on the platform. I remember his telling me how on one occasion he preached with great freedom on the doctrine of the Atonement. In the congregation was a gentleman of striking personality. On inquiring at the end of the service, he was told that this was Dr. James Martineau. 'What he thought of my theology I never knew,' added Mr. Farrar.

Two of Mr. Farrar's sons were clergymen. The elder was Professor Adam Farrar, of Durham University, whose book on Free Thought I have known since its publication. Wesley Farrar, already named, was his younger brother. A near relative of the two told me that when one of Wesley's boys was born, he wished his brother Adam to baptize it. Said Adam to Wesley—

'What do you intend to call your boy?'

## ABERDEEN TO SHOTLEY BRIDGE 197

‘Abraham,’ was the response—‘our father’s name.’

‘What an old-fashioned name!’ cried Adam.

‘Not so old-fashioned as yours by a long way,’ answered his brother.

Wesley Farrar was subsequently appointed to the living at Castleside in the same neighbourhood. The people found their new clergyman quite a treasure, and between church and chapel the utmost harmony prevailed ; in fact, the parson’s wife was one of the Wesleyan class-leaders.

Blanchland, a picturesque nook among the hills, and still attractive as a place for summer outings, had then a Sunday service held in a cottage ; for not a yard of ground could be had for a Methodist chapel until a few years afterwards, when Major Joicey purchased a property in the neighbourhood, and granted land for the purpose.

Near to Blanchland was Ramshaw, where a prosperous lead-mine was worked. A considerable proportion of the miners were good Cornish Methodists. The manager, Captain Paul, took uncommon interest in our work.



There was no chapel, but a large room on the property was used by our people, and occasionally by the Primitive Methodists.

One effervescent brother was of a nature to have suited the minister who once said to a very still congregation, 'I would rather pay one of you to say "Amen" in given places, as in the Church of England, than have no response at all.' At Ramshaw the other extreme was the trouble; but those who knew the sincere piety of the offender could excuse a response even when it came in the wrong place. This man, before his conversion, had been one of the roughest of the rough fellows about the mine. His heart came under the influence of religion, he was made a new man, and began a new life. His old comrades in evil persecuted him daily and fiercely. In the weekly class-meeting inquiry was generally made as to whether his tormentors were tiring of their evil ways. I knew the leader—a sedate, godly man, in temperament and habit altogether unlike his new member. At one meeting the leader said—

'I hope, Brother —, you have had a quiet week at the mine.'

## ABERDEEN TO SHOTLEY BRIDGE 199

‘Oh yes,’ was the cheerful reply. ‘This week the fellows have been very good.’

The leader, thinking it might edify the class to hear the reason of this sudden change, asked—

‘What do you think has led to this better behaviour?’

‘Well,’ answered the simple-hearted man, ‘one of them marched up to me on Monday morning, and began with the usual abuse, so I turned round and knocked him down in the name of the Lord, and I have had a quiet week.’

I remember a love-feast at Ramshaw one Sunday afternoon. Knowing what noisy and eccentric responses sometimes disturbed the devotion, Captain Paul asked me to put in a kindly plea for quiet at the beginning. I did so, and the meeting went on with orderly decorum. By-and-by one ardent brother stood up, and, looking directly at me, said, ‘You have told us the meeting should be quiet and devout, but, glory! that sermon of yours this morning was like oil to my wheels, and I must let go. Glory!’ I thought the better part of valour was to look defeated

and say nothing ; so my demonstrative friend had his swing, and went joyously on his way.

Soon after this my friend Mr. M'Cullagh came as deputation to the Blanchland foreign missionary anniversary. The public meeting was always held in the large room of the village hotel. In the course of his address Mr. M'Cullagh related how, at another meeting, when a speaker said that the sun never set on the Queen's dominions, an Irishman present ejaculated, 'Then, surely, the tax-gatherer will never be at rest.' Quick as lightning, our Ramshaw friend called out, 'Thank the Lord !' The meeting broke into laughter ; but Mr. M'Cullagh, calmly looking towards the place where the man sat, replied, 'We are all glad to know that our friend is so ready to pay his taxes.'

At Consett, another of the places in the circuit, I recall a nice superior family, who had charge of the post-office. One of the sons I remember as a bright, clever boy. After my removal I lost sight of him ; but one week-evening, years afterwards, I had preached at Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester, and at the end of the service a

gentleman came forward to speak to me. He said—

‘You will not know me. My name is Gledstone. I am a Congregational minister.’

I asked, ‘Did you ever reside at Consett, in the county of Durham?’

‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘my father lived there.’

‘Then I know you very well,’ I replied. ‘I was one of the ministers of the circuit when you were a boy.’

It was a great pleasure to me to meet this fine young minister. He is well known beyond his own Church as the author of a *Life of George Whitefield*.

*[Here the record was interrupted by sickness, and never again resumed.]*



PART III

LETTERS AND PAPERS



## LETTERS

*From Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Joseph  
Dawson*

‘NORLEDGE PLACE, KANSAS CITY, MO.,  
‘*March 9th, 1906.*

‘DEAR SIR AND BRO.,

‘I gladly comply with your request to send a few lines respecting my ascended friend, the Rev. Richard Martin. I received a marked copy of a newspaper giving me the intelligence of his death, and have been hindered from a personal letter to his son for lack of exact knowledge of his name and address. Please give him my assurances of heart-felt sympathy in his bereavement.

‘The Rev. Richard Martin won my heart in Bristol, in 1877, when the late Bishop Marvin and myself were at the Wesleyan Conference as fraternal delegates from



America. He introduced himself to us as one who was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church South, through his sister, who was a member in one of our churches in St. Louis. We soon discovered that he was quite well acquainted with our ecclesiastical history in America, and in much sympathy with the Church which we represented. From that time until his lamented death we exchanged occasional letters, of which I send you several. It was most grateful to my feelings, when in 1900 I was presented to the Wesleyan Conference at Burslem as Fraternal Messenger, to have Mr. Martin send down his card from the gallery and express a desire for an early interview. We soon planned a visit together to Madeley which became memorable to each of us. The present Vicar received us with the utmost cordiality, and after showing us the sacred places connected with John Fletcher—such as his grave, his pulpit, his communion table, his parish register, his death chamber, &c.—we spent a memorable hour together in Fletcher's study, whose walls had been stained with prayer. The Vicar heartily responded

to my suggestion of a brief religious service in the study, following my prayer with a tender supplication of his own, and then, while we were all on our knees, the venerable Mr. Martin pronounced the blessing of God upon us.

‘This memorable visit became a fresh theme of conversation with us when, a few weeks later, I spent a day with my dear friend at Lower Cheam House, and learned to know and love him more than ever. Most touching was the scene when we parted at the railroad station as he stood with bared head to say Good-bye, and more than one passenger heard with emotion his parting words in which he expressed the almost certainty that our next meeting would be in heaven. That picture has a sacred place in memory’s gallery as, the crown of glory upon his noble brow, and his face radiant with hope, he expressed his unfaltering faith in Christ.

‘Alike in conversation and in correspondence I was much impressed with his familiar acquaintance both with the Word of God and with the Wesley hymns. How apt his

quotations from both! I can well conceive how much loved he must have been as a pastor, and how many will welcome the biographical sketch of him which you are preparing. Do not fail to send me a copy when published.

‘Wishing you the divine blessing which must come from such a labour of love, I am,  
dear Mr. Dawson,

‘Yours cordially,  
‘EUGENE R. HENDRIX.’

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard  
Martin*

‘KANSAS CITY,  
‘September 14, 1900.

‘BELOVED BROTHER,

‘I have just finished a letter to the Rev. George E. Yate, Vicar of Madeley, and I can hear his tender pleadings with God for ‘my poor church,’ and the solemn words of blessing which you pronounced upon us while we were yet upon our knees. Surely God was in that place as when of old

Fletcher talked with Him there. The Unseen became the real as we called upon Him there. But you and I and the vicar shall see Him as He is.

For if our fellowship below  
 In Jesus be so sweet,  
 What heights of rapture shall we know  
 When round His throne we meet !

‘I have been living much in the past since we parted. Aside from Wesley’s Journal to interest me, Mr. Watkinson sent me autograph letters of Coke, Benson, Watson, and Bunting, and a MS. hymn of Charles Wesley, just as he composed it. I had scarce reached home when my good friend, Mr. R. Thursfield Smith, J.P., of Whitchurch, Salop, sent me fourteen letters of Presidents of the Conference, embracing such names as Hannah, Newton, Osborn, Rattenbury, Punshon, Wm. Arthur, Thos. Jackson, Prest, Jobson, Garrett, Stamp, West, and others. Now, if I can manage to find one of Adam Clarke and John Fletcher, I shall be rich indeed. Our American Methodists are happy at the thought of having such treasures on this side the Atlantic.

‘I found my loved ones all well, and such an abundance of work awaiting me as promises a busy winter. But amid all my work I shall think fondly of the hours we spent together. “Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?”

‘With abiding love for yourself and Christian greetings for your son and daughter, I am, dear Mr. Martin,

‘Yours affectionately,

‘E. R. HENDRIX.’

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard Martin*

‘KANSAS CITY,

‘January 29, 1901.

‘MY DEAR MR. MARTIN,

‘Your esteemed favour of the 29th ult. awaited my return from Savannah, where I spent three delightful weeks with my family in the home of my eldest daughter. With Wesley’s original manuscript Journal as my guide, assisted by original maps of Savannah and other historic documents, I was able to fix definitely the home and haunts of our founder, and to bring before me his life as a

*missioner* rather than as a missionary, as he desired. The result was a much more dignified setting of his American life than its unfortunate close would lead one to expect. The site of Wesley's home was quite definitely and accurately determined, the scene of what he later called "The Second Rise of Methodism, when twenty or thirty met every Sunday evening in my house in Savannah for singing, prayer, and mutual exhortation." It was most interesting to discover that I had in his Journal the original of the hymn which he had sung shortly before his receiving the witness of the Spirit—

My soul before Thee prostrate lies,  
To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies.

'I was able to verify this through the *Life of Peter Böhler*, presented me at Bristol in 1877, by the Rev. J. P. Lockwood, the author. You gave me at that time Dr. Rigg's *Living Wesley*, which I have also found helpful in my recent studies of the Georgian episode. My investigations satisfied me that Causton, Wesley's persecutor, was a bad man, as well as a corrupt official, as he proved a defaulter and died in disgrace.

‘My heart goes out to my British friends in this week of their great sorrow. It is a great nation that can produce such a Queen, one whose example must help to make it even greater. May Edward VII prove worthy to be known as the son and successor of Victoria !

‘I want to thank you for the joy which you gave me in sharing your joy at your son’s worthily filling the chair at the great Anniversary of the Manchester Mission. May you be spared to see him taking up more and more the work dear to the heart of his parents. Even when you are gone I shall continue to take an interest in his work for the Master, and to greet the son of my dear friend, even if *we* have parted for the last time on earth.

‘Your letter gave me much anxiety about your health. I was aware that you were taxing your strength on our ever-memorable Madeley trip, but did not realize the risk you were running. But the memory of that day repays for all. I confess to the fascination that comes from studying Wesley’s Journal with its fresh revelations every time I open

it. It seems to be the only one in existence of the Pocket Journals kept by Mr. Wesley from time to time, and John Pawson came near to destroying this along with Wesley's *Shakespeare* and MS. notes, in the belief that they did not tend to edification.

'I do not expect to attend the Ecumenical in London in September, as I have been gone so much in the last few years. I trust that your health will permit you to attend some of the sessions, and to meet some of our brethren from this side the Atlantic. Remember me most kindly to both your son and daughter. Be assured of my continued love and prayers.

'Yours affectionately,

'E. R. HENDRIX.'

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard Martin*

'KANSAS CITY

'April 20, 1902.

'MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

'Your welcome letter of February 26th brought much joy to my heart, as more than a year had passed since hearing from you.



I scan the *Recorder* each week to keep posted about the large circle of acquaintances which I have formed in the ranks of the Wesleyan Conference, none so dear as the one whose friendship dates from the Bristol Conference of 1877, one now in his 79th year. How I wish that your health would permit you to visit America, that we might have you in our home! But we will meet in our Father's House, in the mansions which our Saviour has gone to prepare for us while He is preparing us for them.

'I envy you your length of days in the Master's service, for they also serve who only stand and wait. Your patience, your quiet resignation, your very "stillness" of spirit as you await God's will, are impressing their lessons on many hearts. I am sure that your benediction as we parted at Sutton touched more hearts than mine, as you spoke of your real and abiding home toward which you were journeying. For this is eternal life—to *know*. The eternal is not the future, it is the unseen; and to know the unseen, to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, is life indeed.

‘I am preparing the Cole Lectures, to be given before the Vanderbilt University next April, corresponding in a way to the Bampton Lectures, and I am deeply interested in my theme, “The Religion of the Incarnation.” I will send you a copy when they are published in book form a year hence. If you shall have passed home by that time, I want your son to read the volume from the pen of his father’s friend. Please remember me kindly to him.

‘I am leaving this week for our General Conference, soon to meet in quadrennial session at Dallas, Texas. It is the first time that we have ever met in that empire state of the Union, itself as large as half of Europe. Our Methodism has a strong hold there, numbering possibly 300,000 communicants. It promises to be an occasion of great interest.

‘My life is a very busy one, and sometimes I weary in the work, but not of it. The immense distances which we need to travel in meeting our episcopal duties, while adding to the pleasure of the work, add much to the weariness of it, especially where there is much

night travel, despite our luxurious sleeping-cars.

‘I am called away at this point from my desk, and so must add my closing lines of affectionate Christian farewell. Let me hear from you as long as you can hold a pen.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘E. R. HENDRIX.’

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard Martin*

‘KANSAS CITY,

‘October 10, 1902.

‘MY EVER DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

‘How delighted I was to get your esteemed favour of August 27th, with its promise of yet another before long, as well as the Coronation Sermon which you so kindly sent me, and which I have read with great pleasure! How our God has been leading your king nearer to the Lord God of his royal mother! That postponed coronation has not only made the coveted crown more sacred, but it has made him more truly the king of his sympathizing people throughout the empire.

‘But what shall I say of the tender thoughtfulness, as shown in your affectionate letter, which has not only been following me in thought as I am preparing the Cole Lectures on “The Religion of the Incarnation,” but has even led you to some parallel reading, and even to sending me a choice book with your British “Hear, hear!” marking many of its fine sentiments? It is really a most stimulating book, written in a deeply reverent spirit, by an able man. I find *myself* making notes also as I read it, and I shall find some use for it in my forthcoming book, a copy of which I shall send you after the publication of the Cole Lectures. Bishop Gore’s book I found a great mental stimulus when first published. Griffith Jones’ *Ascent through Christ* I must read, as well as *The Religion of Redemption*, which you kindly call my attention to. I find the subject most fascinating, and long for the season of comparative freedom from interruption in December, and until the time of the delivery of the lectures, when I can put my thoughts in final shape. In the meantime, if anything else attracts your attention on your side of the Atlantic,

I will appreciate your calling my attention to it.

‘I am pained to know of your ill-health from bronchitis. I followed on the map your summer itinerary and that of your family, and wish that I could have renewed some of our delightful Madeley fellowship, whose memory is most sacred. I was looking only yesterday at the souvenir of Madeley which you gave me, and the picture of the old church recalled our bending together over the old Parish Register in Fletcher’s handwriting, and the wonderful hour which we spent in his study, whose walls had been stained with the breath of prayer. It quickens my pulse as I think of standing above the bones of such a prophet of God. Among my rare autograph letters is a long one from Fletcher to Joseph Benson, informing him that he had just married Captain Webb, who was anxious that Benson should return with him to America, and seeking to influence Benson to do so. I have also Benson’s reply to Fletcher.

By the way, my choice collection of autographs has so grown that I am now compelled

to keep them in an iron and fire-proof safe. I am on the "still hunt" for one of Susanna Wesley's. I was about to get one when the owner said to Mr. Thursfield Smith, "No, if I let you have that, you will sell it to the American who bought Wesley's Journal from you: and I won't do it." Now, is that true fraternity as between Briton and American?

'But I will weary you if I write so long a letter as is in my heart to write, and I must close with assurances of abiding love through time and eternity. With love to your dear children, I am,

'Yours affectionately,

'E. R. HENDRIX.'

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard Martin*

'KANSAS CITY,

'December 2, 1903.

'MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

'I send by this mail a copy of my Cole Lectures on "The Religion of the Incarnation," which I hope may find you in comfortable health, so that it will not be a burden

to read them. I often had you in mind in their preparation, and wish to express my renewed thanks for the interest which you took in their birth, and for the *Thoughts on the Incarnation* by Robinson, which you so kindly sent me. I have asked my publishers to send copies of this book, and also of my Lectures on "The Personality of the Holy Spirit," to the *Methodist Recorder* and the *London Quarterly*. If their review attracts your attention, I will be obliged for a "clipping."

'The book is well received on this side the Atlantic, as is its twin sister. I would have put a year between their publication except that, like Esau and Jacob, they wrestled in the womb, and so had to be born together.

'I earnestly hope that you and your son's family are in good health, and with most affectionate regards, I am,

'Yours cordially,

'E. R. HENDRIX.'







LOWER CHEAM HOUSE, SUTTON.

*Bishop Hendrix to Rev. Richard Martin*

‘KANSAS CITY,

‘July 6, 1904.

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I was delighted to see your familiar handwriting again in your esteemed favour of the 23rd ult., and to know that you were in fair health. I am glad, too, to associate you permanently with Lower Cheam House, and its beautiful surroundings, of which I have so pleasant a memory, and of which and its hospitable residents I have often spoken to my family. It will give me great pleasure, when next in England, to look in upon you again, if even for only an hour. I might have been in England this year on my way to Russia and thence by the Siberian Railway to China, but for the war between Russia and Japan. This is the route I wish to take next, when my official duties call me to Asia. Bishop Galloway sails this month, going by way of Vancouver, but will not venture into Manchuria, and possibly not into Korea. As I founded the Korean

Mission, I am anxious to visit there when I next go to the Asian field.

‘You speak of my *Skilled Labour for the Master*, which I sent you some four years ago, but not of my *Religion of the Incarnation*, which I sent you when published last November, and in whose preparation you took so kindly an interest. I fear that perhaps your copy may have miscarried. Please let me know if you have not received it, and I will have my publishers send you another copy. It is already in its second edition, and has had generous welcome from the reviewers.

‘This winter I am planning to write on *The Table Talk of Jesus*, a series of expository studies closing with the Last Supper, taking the meal as not only the measurer of time, but of civilization and enlightenment. I am going to give a few of them, such as *The Miracle at Cana*, *Christ in the Home of Zacchæus*, *Christ's Method with the Individual* (as in the case of the nameless woman in the house of Simon), and *The Parable of the Great Supper*, as Instructions at some of my conferences this autumn. I find that such Studies are most helpful in keeping me fresh

amid the otherwise somewhat perfunctory performance of accustomed episcopal duties.

‘The Federation policy inaugurated at our Ecumenical Conference in Washington promises good fruit in the “delimitation of boundaries,” as you Britishers have taught us to say. During the eighteen years of episcopal service I have rejoiced to see an increase of 50 per cent. in both the ministry and membership of our Church, and a like advance in all her departments of work. The very size of Methodism in America forbids the hope of organic union save in the great houses of convocations like that of Canterbury and York. This the Federation promises to accomplish under wise administrators.

‘I take great pleasure in enclosing you a line of introduction to my colleague, Bishop Hoss, who will be delighted to know you. Can I ever forget your blessing in Fletcher’s study, pronounced upon your knees upon the venerable Vicar of Madeley and the pilgrim to that sacred shrine? That visit, together with an evening spent in the home of Dr. Moule, then Professor at Cambridge University, now Lord Bishop of Durham, who

assisted in the coronation of King Edward VII, and our talk of Charles Simeon and Henry Martyn over their autograph letters, which I held in my hand, are among my sacred memories. Such associations give new emphasis to my creed as I declare that "I believe in the communion of saints" and "in the life everlasting."

'But I fear that I weary you, and must stop, not without my love and blessing.

'Yours in abiding affection,

'E. R. HENDRIX.

'P.S.—Many thanks for *Methodism in Chester*, which greatly interested me after my visit there.'

*Rev. Richard Martin to Bishop Hendrix*

'LOWER CHEAM HOUSE, SUTTON, SURREY

'November 13, 1905.

'DEAR BISHOP HENDRIX,

'Your last letter gave me much delight. Unfortunately, since it came I have been in poor condition as regards health. Very often I feel the end is not far off. A little while ago, when in better form, I spent

some weeks in my native Yorkshire and elsewhere.

‘I am under obligation to you for more than your letter. The *Nashville Quarterly* which you sent afforded me a rare treat. The reviews to which you refer, published respectively in London, Nashville, New York, and Toronto, are highly creditable as literature to their editors, and to the Churches to which they belong.

‘I have re-read your article on Liddon with increased interest and pleasure. Liddon was a striking personality in the religious life of England. Masterly in his intellectual strength, and loyal to those beliefs which constitute the essence of the gospel message to mankind, he must be classed with the best of the men who held High Church principles and opinions. Our English Conference was prompt in placing his well-known book on the divinity of Christ in the reading list of young ministers preparing for ordination; thus expressing their estimate of the book, and their confidence in the probationers as being proof against sacerdotal notions and claims.

‘Your article furnishes a just and comprehensive estimate of Liddon. The view taken is not partial, but exhibits all sides of the man ; and the many grave questions, theological and ecclesiastical, which did, and still must engage the best minds in the whole Church of Christ, are not forgotten. The religious parties and conflicts in our English Christianity in John Wesley’s time, and also since the Anglo-Catholic revival began, receive adequate attention. It is very noticeable that an American writer should have such a knowledge of questions which many of us in England have not yet studied and realized. It is not enough for us to see the real condition of the Anglican Church and to designate its rival parties by the well-known terms—Attitudinarian, Latitudinarian, and Platitudinarian. If there be a philosophy of Christianity, is there not also a philosophy of churchianity (forgive the word); and should we not be wide awake to our position and know in what direction the current is likely to bear us? Your article will be helpful to many in this regard.

‘It was said of ancient Israel—“Lo, this

people shall dwell alone"; and from its beginnings has not the Methodist position been intermediate? We have tried to hold such a relation to all, that we can acknowledge excellence in each, and take a firm stand against what we deem departure from the truth in any. As John Wesley declared, we are "the friends of all and the enemies of none."

'I greatly admire your statements relating to the Anglican attitude towards John Wesley and Methodism. Bishop Wilberforce once said that it was proof of the poor condition of the Established Church when she cast that good man, John Wesley, out of her bosom; but had the Methodist movement remained unresisted, and Methodism been reabsorbed in the Church of England, the loss to the world would have been incalculable. Did not Wesley's firm attitude save the situation? It would only have added another polemical party to the Established Church had it been otherwise than it is. Dr. Maclaren once said that for the Established Church it would have been like swallowing a stag from the deer forest,



horns and all. But the prudent course was pursued, and the world witnessed a grand advance in the Kingdom of God.

‘By maintaining our clearly defined position we have had to sustain attacks from two different quarters. The Calvinists of Wesley’s time understood neither us nor the evangelical creed of Arminius. The episode in which that good man, Charles Simeon of Cambridge, figures, as given in the Wesleyan Standards, supplies only one of innumerable examples. So far as the Calvinistic controversy is concerned the assailants of Methodism have to a great extent grounded their arms ; though probably Dr. Conder was too sanguine when he said from the chair of the Congregational Union that Calvinism was dead.

‘The battle with sacerdotalism still rages fiercely. When the Pope refused to allow the appeal of the English High Churchmen, and declined to admit their claim to be a branch of the true Church, Lord Halifax fell back on the argument that Anglican churchmen had still the consciousness of God’s acceptance in their hearts. Might he not

have remembered that Nonconformists had for generations urged that very plea in behalf of their Churches? His Lordship must now allow the Nonconformist claim.

‘This religion of experience is the common heritage of the children of God. It is that bond in the heart which demonstrates the real unity of Christians, and offers one sure ground of hope that reconciliation and peace will come. Sectarianism has not yet banished true Catholicity from the world. What could be more delightful than the scene in Professor Moule’s study which you have described, and in which you took part at Cambridge, and the afternoon we spent together with the Rev. Mr. Yate in the Vicarage at Madeley, where the Rev. John Fletcher lived and died—shall I write it?—“quite on the verge of heaven”? I believe firmly in the evolution of a divine order and unity out of our present discord as the Kingdom of Redemption advances toward the Millennial Noon.

‘A few days ago, Dr. Fitchett, the brilliant Australian author, came to our Ministerial Meeting at City Road, and delivered an informal address of rare excellence on the

eve of his departure from this country. His vigorous Methodist loyalty was refreshing, while his views of the two Methodisms—British and Australian—raised questions of such vital interest as to demand instant consideration in the legislative and administrative action of both. While justifying the optimistic outlook in both Churches, he did not overlook defects and dangers, and was careful to suggest that we must not be guilty of denominational vanity, nor assume that any existing forms of church organization will be the vogue of the Churches in the ages yet to come. We were urged to learn the lessons of the hour, to study the facts submitted, to watch the currents of opinion, and to be awake to new demands. More fraternal intercourse, close and cordial, was essential. All the regiments in the army of the Cross should be drawn together, and should stand ready to march for the possession of a redeemed world when the Captain of our salvation gives the great command.

‘Now, dear Bishop Hendrix, excuse this long scribble, with its many errors and

crasures, and believe me to be always devotedly

‘Your friend,

‘RICHARD MARTIN.’

*The Rev. Valentine W. Pearson, B.A.,  
to the Rev. Joseph Dawson*

‘8, THE MOUNT, SHEFFIELD,  
‘3. iv. 1906.

‘DEAR MR. DAWSON,

‘Excuse my writing on this paper. It is nearly midnight, and I sit beside my fire musing over days gone by, and thinking of my kind friend of whose death your letter brings me the first tidings.

‘It was in early September, 1881, that I first met him, in the house at Tunbridge Wells which was so often my home in our brief years of fellowship. With characteristic gravity he introduced two young men who were spending the day with him as “sons of a *clergyman*.” I learned afterwards how he was unwilling to forgo the stately associations of such words as “church” and “clergyman,” and how in him were blended the

Miltonic reverence for beauty and order in religious life with the independent views of the convinced Nonconformist.

‘His hospitality to me, his young colleague, whose corner of the circuit was at East Grinstead, thirteen miles away, was unbounded. I was welcome whether bidden or not, and his house was home to me.

‘His goodness to young people was beyond the power of imagining by those who had not shared or seen it. His quiet humour was an unfailing delight to us, and with keen zest did we exchange stories of his quaint sayings. I never heard him preach, but I have often heard him pray, and never have I heard prayers like his; so fraught with strong but deep devotion, so simple yet sublime in utterance.

‘Since those days I have seen him at intervals: the same dear Richard Martin, inspiring the same affection joined with a kind of reverence called forth by none else.

‘And he is gone! Ah well! I say in all solemnity that I cannot think of any who would be more “at home” in heaven than he. Though not unmindful of the details

of earthly duty, he was essentially a mystic. His life was hid with Christ in God. He breathed on earth the air of the land to which God has called him.

‘I love to think of him. He is one of those whose memory breeds “perpetual benediction,” and I thank you for letting me pay him my grateful tribute.

‘Yours faithfully,

‘V. W. PEARSON.’

*Extracts from Various Letters*

‘DONCASTER,

‘March 9, 1906.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I am glad you are going to write a memoir of the late Rev. Richard Martin, a man greatly beloved, a good preacher, and a Christian gentleman. I wish we had more like him. He came to Thorncliffe, which was then in what was called the Sheffield East Circuit, and was our minister from 1856 to 1859. He served the circuit with much acceptance, and took great interest in the young men, one of whom became a Congregational minister. I have known a good

many ministers in my time, and respected them very much, but my late friend was my ideal, the kindest, most unselfish man I ever met. To say that I and my family liked him does not meet the case: we loved him. Mrs. Martin was highly esteemed—a good wife and mother. I hope Miss Martin is still living, and all the rest. If there is anything in these few lines of any use to you, you are welcome to them. I am,

‘Very sincerely yours,

‘THOMAS WATSON.’

An old Yorkshire friend says—

‘My father was a farmer in the Stokesley Circuit, to which Richard Martin was sent in 1846. I was but a small boy, but delighted to take his hand, and scamper through the fields with him on his way to fill his village appointment. When he left the circuit for Aberdeen, in 1849, he said to my mother, “If any of your boys should ever become ministers, all I desire is that they may receive the kindness you have shown to me.” In one village he was made very useful to a large family of brothers. They were very

worldly, their evenings spent mostly in dancing and fiddling. Their only association with religion was on the Sunday afternoon, when they played some terribly loud brass instruments in the parish church. Mr. Martin gained an influence over one of these young men. He was converted as the result, and happily the whole family, six or seven brothers, became most devoted men, zealous in all good works. It was a most marvellous change. Upon Richard Martin I could speak or write with very little limitation. He did me much good spiritually. He was a beautiful spirit.'

The Rev. W. G. Mitchell of Sedbergh writes—

'I send you a very rough copy of some information concerning the Rev. Richard Martin, which I thought might be of service to you.

'Richard Martin was born at Gate Farm, at one time called Broad Yatt, in the hamlet of Bowbiggin, about two miles from Sedbergh. His father's name was Christopher, his mother's I do not know. Both of them originally were



Independents. His mother was a superior woman, both intellectually and spiritually. Her maiden name was Harrison ; no relations of the family now remain. Their remains lie interred in the burial-ground of our chapel at Cautley. I accompanied Mr. Martin there on Sunday afternoon, October 1, 1905, when he visited their grave, and attended divine service in that chapel for the last time. Many times had he worshipped in that sanctuary, and there was a singular appropriateness in the service of that afternoon due to the fact of my text being taken from Revelation xiv. 3, "And they sang as it were a new song." At the close of the service, before the benediction was pronounced, Mr. Martin said a few words, this being his last public utterance amidst the scenes of his early days.

'When he was seventeen or eighteen he was in the habit of attending services conducted by our local preachers at an adjoining farm, now known as Dovecote Ghyll, but then called by the name of Bowker Ghyll. A local preacher, William Wilson, was preaching one Sunday when Richard Martin

was present. The text was "Adam, where art thou?" The discourse and earnest appeal led to Mr. Martin's conversion.

'By the time he had reached the age of twenty-three years, he was accepted for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and sent to fill a vacancy caused by the death of a minister at Diss, in Norfolk. He left Sedbergh on February 6, 1846, having spent the night with his friend, Mr. William Leighton, to whom I am indebted for the greater part of this information. The two started off the next morning at four o'clock to catch the Leeds coach at Cowan Bridge, about eight miles away. After having accompanied him about six miles, his friend bade him farewell, and Mr. Martin reached Leeds late at night.

'The opening of our chapel at Cautley took place on September 31, 1846. Squire Brooks conducted the service, and Mr. Martin was present. No proper preaching service was observed. It was turned into a prayer-meeting, and some seven or eight conversions took place. Some of those who then gave their hearts to God became very acceptable local preachers.'



PAPERS BY RICHARD MARTIN



## PAPERS

### METHODISM AND CULTURE

WHEN Methodism as an organized religious agency began its work, the one supreme object it had in view was to preach the gospel. This eclipsed almost every other thought. In its earlier stages, the urgencies by which it was impelled were born of the moral and spiritual necessities of the nation. Some of the agents employed at the first were lacking in personal culture. The conditions under which they entered on their vocation, and what they eventually became, may be gathered from a perusal of the *Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers*.

There were no facilities, indeed there was no time, for the prosecution of any higher education. Beginners were placed in the charge of elder evangelists who had gained some knowledge of books and methods of

reading and study. No doubt the itinerancy was in some respects unfriendly to mental culture, and many of the preachers would be hard pressed to meet the demands of the pulpit. But that same itinerancy had its compensations—their stay in one station was short, and they were not so frequently before the same congregation.

Is it not John Newton who speaks of the difficulty he had in maintaining efficiency at the beginning of his ministry, and did he not find help in the time of need? One day, in crossing a stream, the thought occurred to him, 'This water is always running when I come here; where does it come from? There must be some spring which feeds it incessantly. And cannot my mind be supplied in like manner from the infinite mind of God?' It is not only the preacher in the pulpit, but the pilgrim along the common lanes and dusty streets of life, who needs superhuman aid. Changes in the home, sad farewells, business straits, the perfidy of men, declining health, and 'the dark river to be crossed at last,' how are these to be met? O my soul, be still, cease thy unbelieving worry, and take

refuge in the Infinite resources of the fatherly love of God !

But, stay ; I am moralizing, instead of writing about Wesley's helpers and their preaching. The itinerates were not all illiterates. There were a few scholars among them — Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, and some others. The Rev. Dr. Coke was of the same order, a pioneer, and a heroic missionary, who was buried at last in the ocean he had so often braved. He did not, however, escape the censure of unfriendly critics. It was the Rev. Thomas Jackson, if my memory be accurate, who in his defence wrote—

Blush, calumny, and write upon his tomb,  
If honest eulogy can make thee room,  
Thy deep repentance.

Wesley also had friends and helpers among the clergy of the Established Church. Benjamin Colley, J. Creighton, Peard Dickinson, John Fletcher, William Grimshaw, John Richardson, and Thomas Vasey were all ordained clergymen in the Church of England, but Methodists in heart, and soul, and life. Some of them, such as John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley, and Walter Sellon, of



Shoreham, were staunch defenders of the Arminian theology, and active helpers in Methodist work. Grimshaw, of Haworth, was an itinerant Methodist evangelist beyond the limits of his own parish.

Wesley, of all men, could not be indifferent to the claims of scholarship, or the intellectual needs of his preachers; but no funds were available for purely scholastic purposes beyond those that went to the support of his Kingswood School, and that institution did not make provision for students intended for the ministry.

In England, through long weary years, the doors of the old Universities were closed against Nonconformists. Professor Adam Sedgwick, of Cambridge, was a staunch leader of the heroic men in the Church of England who demanded that this national injustice should cease. In 1869 a meeting was held in Cambridge to promote the abolition of University Tests. The resolution, proposed by the Master of Trinity, was seconded by Sedgwick, who gave a brief history of University Tests, and ended his speech with some such words as these—

‘Though I have outlived all my friends, and now belong to no party, I have not outlived my love of liberty. I believe that the removal of tests would tend to perpetuate our great institutions. Fears have been expressed of the possible predominance of Dissenters. That is a white-livered opinion. If Dissenters should command a predominance of the intellect of the nation, let them take the place to which they are entitled.’ Some who heard that speech must have said inwardly that heroic souls had not yet all passed from the earth.

Once accessible, Methodist students availed themselves of University education, and have taken no mean place. Our colleges and schools now find the advantage in the scholarship of the tutors and its effect upon our younger ministers.

I well recollect the time when the late Rev. John Farrar published his *Theological and Ecclesiastical Dictionaries*. In a notice of the books, which I read at the time, the reviewer said that in the two volumes was found a proof of the wisdom of founding our colleges, and that they were their literary first-fruits. Good

books are the result of good scholarship, and therefore a college is a parent of literature.

In the primary stages of Methodism, both in England and America, the want of intellectual training was keenly felt; but the achievements in both countries have been little short of magnificent. The record of religious, educational, evangelistic, and benevolent voluntary effort would supply reading equal to the pages of romance, and much more profitable.

The *Life of Peter Cartwright*, written by Dr. Strickland, gives a good idea of the conditions prevailing in the rough backwoods of America in those early days. Peter was unique, and his American smartness supplied occasionally the lack of previous education. The story of his encounter with the pompous parson who twitted him on the paucity of learned men in his Church furnishes a case in point. His assailant said, 'You have very few doctors of divinity in your Church.' Peter replied, 'In comparison with some other Churches it may be so; but we do not need them, for our divinity is not sick.' In the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, the well-known Paris review, a Roman

Catholic writer expressed his sympathy with and approval of Peter's heroic achievements in the remark that it was matter for regret that they had not been performed in connexion with the Romish Church. *The Circuit Rider*, by Edward Eggleston, is another book of live interest. It deserves a place in all our school libraries and reading circles. Eggleston is the author of a short history of America and other books. They are all full of humorous description, and deserve to be better known.

Much has been done in educational work since these books appeared. The Americans may have outstripped us in the amount of their bequests, and in the provision of university and collegiate buildings; but then the conditions in the two countries are in many respects widely different. The educational efforts put forth in British Methodism have not been despicable. Our four colleges in England for the training of students for the ministry have done good work, and have influenced both the pulpit ministrations and the literature of the Church.

At the outset, the movement in favour of

the college training of ministers met with strong opposition in certain quarters, and involved in the end the secession of the irreconcilable malcontents. In my early ministry I met with a few in nooks and corners who were hostile to ministerial culture. If they were persistent, I might possibly grow perverse; but where I knew my man, and could speak jocularly, I would say, 'You, my friend, should not be hostile to scholarship, for the obvious reason that learning evidently never did you any harm.'

Some of our colleges are now affiliated to universities, and in later years higher grade schools have arisen in constantly increasing numbers. Our primary schools, which are unsectarian in character, have been maintained at great cost, and take rank among the best in the land. When that national system of education is established for which we have waited long, which Scotland and our various colonies possess already (Canada in splendid form), then, I doubt not, the Methodist Church will fall into line gladly, for the age of reason and peace will have dawned.

## PROGRESS IN METHODIST LEGISLATION

ON reviewing the rise and growth of the community to which I belong, I seem to see in it a remarkable example of religious life and activity. In its ecclesiastical polity, Methodism holds an intermediate position, having on either side Churches with tendencies divergent from its own, possibly with leanings to opposite extremes.

I know of no apologist who would contend that the Wesleyan system is perfect. If it were believed that no improvement were possible, the sinews of effort would be cut, and if change occurred at all, it would simply be the result of retrogression. Such a condition would involve the total abandonment of the principle which regulated John Wesley's life and action. It is in his willingness to adopt new measures to meet the growing

demands of time and Providence that we find the key which unlocks what to some people is a hidden mystery. Without the recollection of this adaptability who can understand the great Home Missionary of the British Isles? With this in mind we are able to reconcile the seeming contradictions of his resplendent life. This point needs to be taken more fully into account by the ecclesiastical partisans who never weary of urging us to return to Wesley's position.

What position? If they mean the high altitude on which he stood in his Savannah days, then we decline firmly to ascend. Mountain heights are cold and often arid: we prefer to stand with Father John after he has descended into the milder regions of evangelical Christianity.

In our history hitherto we have had no controversies which have loosened our hold upon the fundamental articles of the Christian faith. Periods of polemical strife have unhappily occurred; often so fierce in character as to leave scars which the combatants on either side deplore. But have we been more militant than other branches of the

Catholic Church? Let the historians answer. We acknowledge our transgressions, and so do the best and most candid writers of other communions. Take the evidence of a former dignitary of Norwich Cathedral, a man of unquestionable goodness and integrity. In writing to a friend, he said—

‘The debates in the Houses of Convocation often fill me with amazement; sometimes they are dull enough: pious windbags which ought to stuff a hassock. Then they expose to view sacred mediæval knick-knacks of antiquated pattern. Then come tricks of art, and new terms of a new logic. Then a fermentation and a fire such as transforms men’s nature, and makes meek men into sons of thunder. Does it not seem to you that common sense has of late seldom found a chair to sit down on within the limits of the Jerusalem Chamber?’

The causes of this conflict of opinion would soon be discovered if we were all as outspoken as Lord Chatham was in dealing with his own Church. He is reported to have said that the Church of England had ‘a Popish liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, an



Arminian clergy.' Dr. Whedon, from whom I quote, thinks this an overstatement. Very likely it may be.<sup>1</sup>

That splendid pastor and preacher, the Rev. John Angell James, wrote in his work on Christian Fellowship—

'It is my decided conviction that in many of our churches the pastor is depressed far below his just level. He is considered merely in the light of a speaking brother. He has no official distinction or authority. He may flatter like a sycophant, he may beg like a servant, he may woo like a lover; but he is not permitted to enjoin like a ruler. His opinion is received with no deference, his person treated with no respect, and, in the presence of some of his lay tyrants, if he has anything to say, it must be something similar to the ancient sooth-sayers: he is only permitted to peep and mutter from the dust.'

Let no one complain that this display of difficulties in the Churches is undesirable, or that I have quoted unfairly. The writers from whom extracts have been made belong

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Whedon's *Statements Theological and Critical*, p. 216.

to the Churches criticized, and what they say is not cited as my own opinions, but as fair quotations. If I had aimed at being sarcastic, I should have deserved the fate of the lady who criticized Dr. Johnson in company, soon after his dictionary had been published. It is reported that the lady began by saying, 'I am surprised at some of the words inserted ; they are indelicate.' 'Oh, Madam,' said the brusque doctor, 'I perceive you have been looking for them.'

I have not been looking for evils in other Churches, and overlooking those in my own ; but have made these quotations for the purpose of showing that all Churches have their internal conflicts, no matter what their constitution and government may be. We have had ours, which we remember with regret. How they compare with those of other Churches, and what their causes were, may be left to the verdict of impartial minds.

Our differences have often had relation to the question of pastoral authority. The discipline by which we profess to be governed, as between pastor and people, has been styled a system of checks. In the beginning the

rule was paternal, and the central authority strong. The sagacious founder of the United Societies said to his pastoral helpers, 'While I live the people will obey ; but they will not obey you when I am gone.' The measures which he then devised were intended to conserve unity in doctrinal teaching, to secure just and stable government, and to protect accumulated property, when his own firm hand was no longer on the helm.

Let us then admit that in the controversies which ensued as time went on there may have been cases of undue pastoral domination. In times of polemical strife, civil and religious, it is very rare for all the right to be on one side and all the wrong on the other. In the Wesleyan branch of the Methodist Church, the legislative adjustments in favour of popular government have been gradual, and, as some may think, too long delayed.

But let us not forget that in the heat of battle terms may be demanded which may occasion delay, and which it is known cannot at once be granted. Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known author of a classic history of Methodism, wrote, I think, in the *New York*

*Quarterly Review*, words in which he expressed his admiration of the calm dignity of the Conference in not effecting hasty, spasmodic legislation in response to clamorous demands. Since then our legislation has advanced appreciably, and will continue to do so.

When laymen were admitted to the Conference, that saintly father and ornament of our Church, the Rev. Dr. W. B. Pope, said to me, in conversation, 'Do you think our legislation in this direction will stop here?' 'No,' I answered. 'Certainly not,' was his prompt corroboration.

There may be times when we hear voices, in somewhat military tones, bidding us to move on; and there have been occasions when such utterances were needed. But we did not move on until our regiments were ready. In recent decades our advance has been decided and salutary. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are two sections in all Churches which must move unitedly, if effectual legislation is to be secured—old men and young men. Progressive measures generally originate with younger minds; but direction and consolidation are given by the

elder. Time is an important factor, if all the forces in a Church are to be combined for the enactment of wise and permanent laws.

I have often remarked to friends of mine in the medical profession that no one of their 'opathies' contains the whole of scientific truth. A modicum is in all ; for if any were entirely destitute of truth, how long could it survive? No doubt a good system of church government is of vast moment ; but it is not the first thing to be considered. The vital matter is what the saintly Scougall called the life of God in the soul of man.

For years past I have had some settled convictions, which, to certain minds may seem rank ecclesiastical heresies. I believe that in the New Testament, especially in the sacred epistles, certain principles are disclosed, from which true believers in Jesus Christ may gather effectual guidance ; but I do not believe that any system of church polity is sharply outlined, or authoritatively enjoined. Further, I contend that a polity which has defects may accomplish the divine purposes more fully, if the people whom it governs are all thoroughly devoted to God, than the best

ecclesiastical system in the hands of worldly and unworthy men. Who knows what the order of the Church will be as the millennial ages advance? Possibly none of the present forms, exactly as they are, may survive. Why should we wish to know? When Bishop Hedding, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, was on his deathbed, his Church was in the throes of the anti-slavery controversy. One day, when a friend called, the bishop said, 'This controversy disturbs me so much that I feel as if I could not die in peace.' When the friend called on a later day, he said, 'I am quite at rest on that question now. God has enabled me to grasp the fact that the Church is not mine but Christ's, and He will take care of His own.' Let us read, mark, learn, and ever hold fast all forms of truth and excellence.

Students of the questions I have here touched upon will find Dr. James H. Rigg's book on Church Organizations a profitable study. I have not seen any review which has complained of its want of candour or catholicity.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Comparative View of Church Organizations, Primitive and Protestant.*

## DIVINE GOODNESS AND HUMAN PRAISE

*The substance of an Address delivered in the Glenelg Wesleyan Church, South Australia, by the Rev. Richard Martin. Reprinted from the Adelaide 'Christian Weekly,' of February 23, 1894.*

'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.'—Ps. cvii. 8.

**I**N all the works of God the Creator has displayed a divine regard for man. Before man appeared on the earth, God said, 'Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night ; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.' This arrangement was beautiful and benign. Without the light there could have been no life and no growth on this planet. But this light secured to man seedtime and harvest, summer and

winter, and all the seasons as they pass by exclaim in the hearing of their Maker, 'The rolling year is full of Thee.' And was there not a moral reason for this division of time? God's great chronometer measures it out moment by moment, that there may be no waste, and that men may learn the divine arithmetic of numbering their days. By this arrangement Nature and Time become teachers of man. They teach clearly that God is

#### THE SOVEREIGN LORD

in the kingdom of Providence. In every latitude, and under every sky, the seasons bear testimony to the supremacy of the universal Lord. He directs the onward course of time, regulates the seasons, ripens the harvests of the year, and maintains the life He first created. 'All these wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.' Nature bears her ceaseless testimony to this grand fact, with which all the thoughtful and the reverent agree, saying 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being.' God also asserts His own sovereignty



in Providence : 'I am the Lord, and there is none else ; I form the light and create darkness ; I make peace and create evil ; I the Lord do all these things.' Man's absolute dependence on a sovereign Providence is also an indispensable and salutary truth. His dominion over the lower orders of creatures is a result of his higher nature, and an arrangement of the Supreme Will. He is able, too, to direct the elements and energies of Nature for his own good. But while man has power over Nature, and over the brute creation, God is supreme in His dominion over man. 'If thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron, the seed of thy land shall be powder and dust. Thou shalt carry much seed out into thy field, and shalt gather but little in.' The earthquake and the flood, the mildew and the locust, spread desolation, and defy the power of man. Even the atheist, in the time of man's tribulation, has not only admitted human impotence, but also the divine omnipotence, by taking refuge in prayer. Another

fact in close association with those just mentioned deserves attention. It is the fact that the law which regulates the supply of man's wants requires human co-operation. The generations before us gave us life ; they have created arts, inventions, and comforts, which make our life an enjoyment. But they created no capital stock to render our activities unnecessary. They had no power to do this. The law of labour regulates the supply of man's necessities. The whole structure of the body indicates that man was made to be active, to work. The health and growth of the body, the culture of the mind, the productiveness of land, the accumulations which result from business and commerce, all depend on human labour. Man must co-operate with God. This divine requirement affects every interest he has, and is made a condition of his salvation here, and his blessedness beyond the grave.

### MORAL EVIL

The introduction of moral evil by the wilful offence of man affected the conditions

of his life on the earth. Before the apostacy man was holy ; his abode was paradise ; there was no discord, but a perfect harmony between nature, man, and God. No sickness and weariness, no painful toil, and no death. Sin disturbed order, brought exhausting labour, and occasioned death. Listen to the first sentence on the first offending man : 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken ; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'

The Sabbath has been called 'Heaven's antidote to the curse of labour.' If labour may be called a curse, let us remember also that in our depraved world labour is now salutary. The unhappiest people on the earth are probably the people who have nothing to do. Indolence is an effect of man's fall, and also a cause of innumerable crimes. Have we not all heard the loud outcry of the 'unemployed,' not only in

these bright lands, but coming across every sea from all civilized states? What does this teach? That labour is an obligation, a necessity, and a boon.

But we gather from the divine sentence just quoted that sin was not only

### THE CAUSE OF TOIL

but also the occasion of death. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' I am aware that some able Christian thinkers hold that the law of mortality would have been the universal law over man if man had not sinned. I do not now discuss that opinion. Let us in our present thoughts keep to the letter of Scripture. We read in the Holy Epistle: 'Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' In a world peopled by moral beings, if they had not sinned, would death have been a necessity? Let us not presume to limit

Omnipotence. The law of mortality is now the universal law over man, and I gladly affirm that it is not a malignant but a merciful law. If the reign of death over man were removed, would not man be more criminal? There are the terrors of death, and there are the compensations of death. If Cain, and Ahab, and Herod, and Voltaire, and Robespierre, and the first Napoleon had been still upon this earth, should we like to have them here? The law of death removed them, and it is better for this world, and indeed for the moral universe, that they are where they are. We all feel the common aversion to death. The pains of dying, the separations, the impenetrable mysteries, and the loneliness of that unknown journey of the soul, make us 'start and fear to die.' But should this make life 'subject to bondage'? The victory of faith gives the righteous soul the prospect—the near prospect—of an immortality, where the woes of earth and time shall be known no more at all.

By the exercise of reason and of faith we can clearly see at every step and stage in human history

## DIVINE GOODNESS

in God's government of man. When sentence had been passed on the offender, the first Paradise was lost ; but a new probation, under conditions of mercy, then began. The sacred writer tells us, 'So He drove out the man.' How much was made to depend on expulsion from Eden? There was blended justice and tenderness in the act, and the exiles did not go into the wilderness without hope. It led to the distribution of population, the cultivation of the barren earth, to industry, to the arts of life, to inventions and commercial enterprise. Human necessities became greater as population increased, and men's conveniences and comforts multiplied. Combinations were formed, there was a growth of social life, and institutions, cities, and nations followed.

It is an instructive fact that the productions and wealth of the world are not in one country, but in many. This renders commercial relations a necessity, and tends to promote national amity. God's wisdom and goodness ordained this. It follows that the

unnecessary restrictions put on commerce contravene the purposes of Providence ; they originate in selfishness, and are transgressions of the divine precept which enjoins love to our fellow men.

But the text read also teaches clearly that the divine goodness and bounty to man demands our grateful praise. 'Oh that men would praise the Lord !'

Gratitude for favours is a manifest duty. Even heathen moralists, who had no written revelation, taught this. In the last utterance of the Book of Psalms—that divine enduring liturgy of the Church of God—ancient piety expresses itself: 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.' Then to the forgiven and ransomed soul the demand comes with emphasis, 'Praise ye the Lord.'

#### THE HEBREW CHURCH FESTIVALS

were duly appointed for national and common praise. There was the Passover, the Feast of Weeks, and the Feast of Tabernacles. It is conducive both to patriotism and to piety when nations commemorate their blessings,

their deliverances, and their victories. Our special and our common mercies demand our special and our daily praise. Harvest thanksgivings are now not only common in all the churches, but right. They are the expression of man's sense of duty. And does not duty mean something due? Praise is God's due, because of what He is, and because of what He does. We are all in debt; every one. Shall we not say, 'I will pay my vows unto the Lord *now*,' on this thanksgiving day? What vast arrears of praise we owe for harvests gone by, besides the abundant harvest just gathered in! What we have just witnessed and received has been pictured in devout verse—

Oh Father, with what goodness  
 Thou crown'st the glad year now;  
 How heavy is the crown of gold  
 That sparkles on its brow!

Thy silver ship, the harvest moon,  
 Rides o'er the harvest sea,  
 Where every trembling billow lifts  
 And clasps its hands to Thee.

Our personal blessings this year (remembered and forgotten blessings) have been



innumerable. The public and national mercies which have fallen to our lot defy enumeration. In the British Isles, to many of us the home of our first and abiding love ; in the Canadian Dominion ; in Africa and India ; in this Australian commonwealth, the 'child of earth's old age,' and in the islands which glitter in many seas, O what benedictions of Providence ! To cry to God in our distresses, and not offer praise in times of blessing, would look grotesque, if not farcical, to a scoffing world.

We have had our domestic sorrows, our commercial depression and disasters, and death has cast its dark shadow alike on the cottage and the palace home. What for ? That we might hear the sovereign voice saying as of old, 'Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen ; I will be exalted in the earth.'

Ours to-day is

### CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

and with the cross of Jesus fully in our view we feel our most grateful ardours kindled, and should raise our loudest songs. I do not

say that heaven was emptied by the gift of the Redeemer ; but I do say that its richest treasure was sent down to earth to redeem, restore, and enrich man. And to-day we should join with all holy creatures in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, in saying 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.'

#### TWO THOUGHTS CLOSE THIS MEDITATION

1. We need the admonition implied in this text—*Do not forget God*. We are in great danger of this. Our fields bring forth their teeming harvests ; our mines pour out their shining stores ; our mills produce their endless variety of rich fabrics ; our banks and warehouses pile and hoard their vast accumulations, and our ships carry our abounding produce up the world's long rivers, and across every known sea. We worship intellect, invention, wealth, and success. Mammon-worship and man-worship is a besetting sin to-day. From the holy leaves of the epistle

written by him who leaned on the sacred heart of Jesus we must read the admonitory line: 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' Christ's sermon on secularism should be the study of the people of this age. 'What shall I do because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? This will I do: I will pull down *my* barns and build greater, and there will I bestow *all my* fruits and *my* goods.' Then listen to the horrid climax of this soliloquy—'I will say to my soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry."' Such was the final purpose of this ancient secularist on the last evening of his life. But the project was not carried out. A messenger from eternity broke the silence by the startling summons: 'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee,' and the fatal game of selfishness ends. The application of Christ's sermon speaks to all the ages: '*So* is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God.' *So* is he? Yes, exactly *so*. A secularist and a fool.

2. God expects and will accept our harvest praise. As of old, He deplores man's more

than brutal ingratitude when He exclaims : 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib ; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider.' But to the grateful heart—and there are still millions of such hearts—God now says : 'Go thy way ; eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy work.'

This day our thanksgiving should be twofold. It should be expressed audibly in words. Man possesses the power of song ; and as praise is the most exalted form of worship, it should be offered in our glad harvest hymns. In His suggested form of worship, Jesus taught us to offer three petitions for God's honour before we present one for our 'daily bread.'

But the

### TRUE CHRISTIAN THANKSGIVING

includes offerings and acts. In the ancient thanksgiving festivals the law was imperative : 'And they shall not appear before the Lord empty.' You more than pity the man who says : 'I belong to a church where my religion

costs me nothing.' The poor soul only utters a half-truth. Let him speak the whole truth, and say: 'My religion costs nothing, and is worth just what it costs.' There are two tests of the religion of principle which we are apt to overlook: What am I willing to suffer for my religion, and what am I willing to give for its support? And if you want to know who here will present the greatest offering, I can tell you: The man who gives himself. Viewed in the light of a burning world, this will be seen to be the greatest contribution to the glory of Christ and of God.

